

The



TATLER

& BYSTANDER

JULY 24, 1957

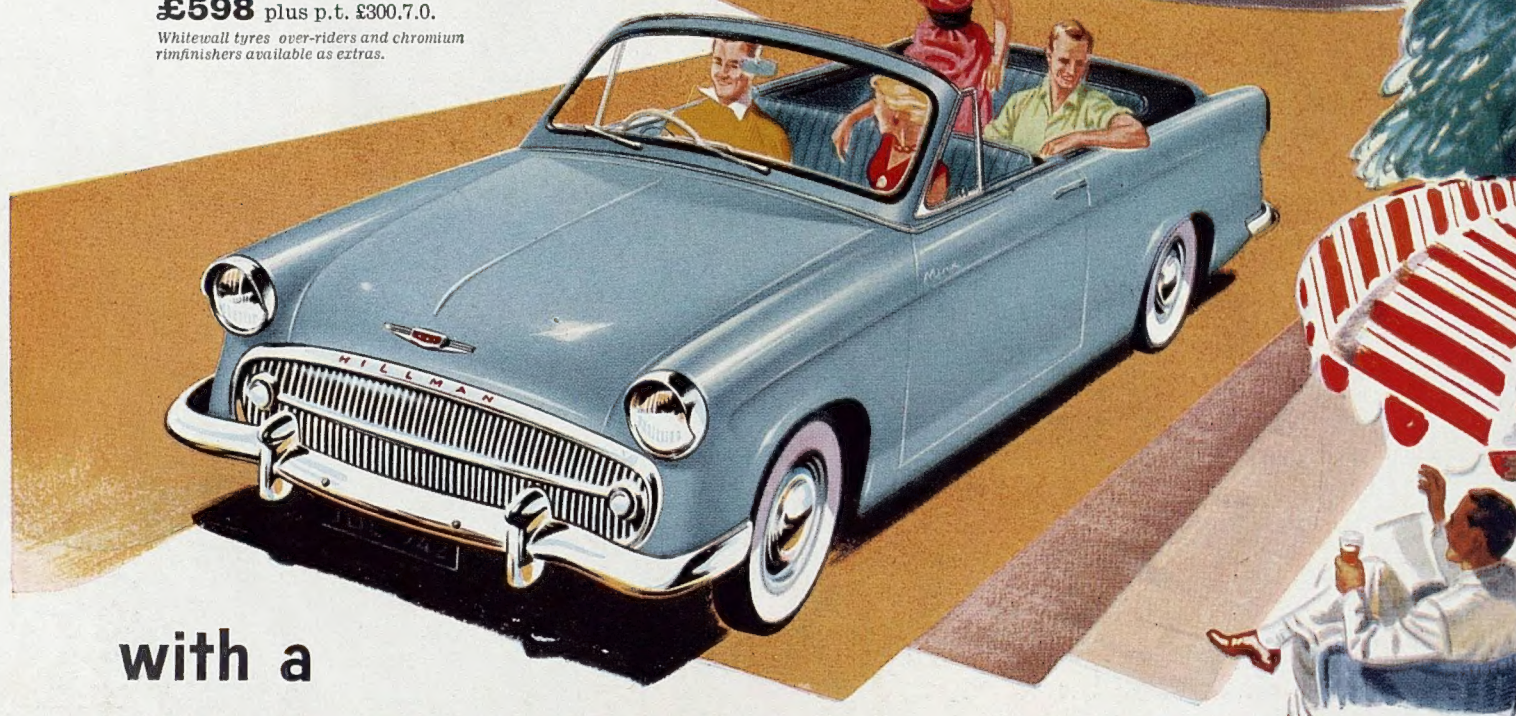
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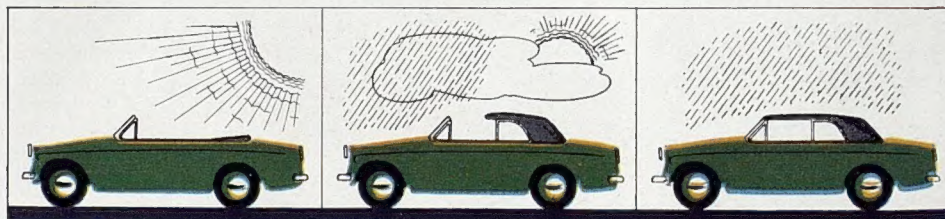
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MISS PATRICIA ELIZABETH RAWLINGS is the eighteen-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Louis Rawlings; she is seen in the Grosvenor Square penthouse where she lives with her parents. She was presented in April and shared a coming-out dance with Miss Susan Douglas at Claridge's in May this year. Miss Rawlings spent a year at a finishing school in Lausanne and speaks fluent French and Spanish. She enjoys outdoor sports, particularly skiing and tennis

DIARY OF THE WEEK

From July 24 to July 31

July 24 (Wed.) The Queen gives an afternoon party in the garden of Buckingham Palace.
Racing at Windsor and Catterick Bridge.

July 25 (Thu.) The Queen and Prince Philip visit the Channel Islands in the Royal Yacht Britannia. Princess Margaret attends the premiere of *Island In The Sun* at the Carlton Theatre, Haymarket.
Cricket: Fourth Test Match, England v. West Indies (and 26th, 27th, 29th, 30th) at Leeds.
International Hill Climb, Bouley Bay, Jersey.
United Services Tattoo (to 27th) at Bath.
Racing at Windsor and Catterick Bridge.

July 26 (Fri.) The Duchess of Kent attends the International Horse Show at the White City; the Show finishes on 27th.

Girl Guide International Camp (to August 8).
Windsor Great Park.

Dances: The Hon. Mrs. Parkinson for Miss Jennifer Jane Parkinson at Bramham Park, Yorks; Mrs. Comar Wilson for Miss Jessica Wilson, at Oakley Manor, Basingstoke; Mrs. Richard Silcock (small dance) for Miss Gillian and Miss Janice Duckworth, at Myerscough House, Garstang, Lanes.
Georgian Ball at Gosfield Hall, Essex.
Racing at Hurst Park.

July 27 (Sat.) Cricket: Hurlingham v. Household Brigade at the Hurlingham Club (two days).
Lawn tennis: Hurlingham Club Championships.
National Gliding Championships (to August 5).
Lasham Aerodrome, near Alton, Hants.

Dances: Lady Makins and the Hon. Mrs. McNair Scott for Miss Virginia Makins and Miss Valerie McNair Scott, at Sherfield Court, near Basingstoke; Mrs. Wilfrid Rougier Chapman (small dance) for Miss Zerelda Chapman at Dormans Cross, Lingfield, Surrey; Mrs. Frederick Luck and Mrs. Howard Aykroyd for Miss Victoria

Duff and Miss Victoria Aykroyd at Stockeld Park, Wetherby; Mrs. E. V. Poore for Miss Mary Poore at Southdown House, Patcham, Sussex.
Racing at Hurst Park, York and Worcester.

July 28 (Sun.) The Queen and Prince Philip disembark at Portsmouth after their visit to the Channel Islands; H.R.H. later attends the National Gliding Championships at Lasham.

Polo: First rounds of Cowdray Park Cup at Cowdray.

July 29 (Mon.) Lawn Tennis: Slazenger Professional Tournament (to August 3, provisional date) at Scarborough.

Polo: Quarter Finals Harrison Cup at Cowdray.
Anglo-Iraqi Society Garden Party at Hurlingham.
Catholic Public Schools Ball at the Dorchester.
Racing at Alexandra Park and Birmingham.

July 30 (Tue.) Arab Horse Society Show (two days) at Roehampton.

Polo: Semi-finals Cowdray Park Cup (two days) at Cowdray.

Racing at Goodwood (Stewards' Cup), Birmingham and Redcar.

July 31 (Wed.) Lawn Tennis: Junior American Tournament at Hurlingham.

Cricket: Surrey v. West Indies (to August 2) at the Oval.

Cheltenham Horse Show.

Embroidery Exhibition in aid of Poliomyelitis Research (to August 17) at Selfridge's.

Racing at Goodwood (Goodwood Stakes), and Redcar.



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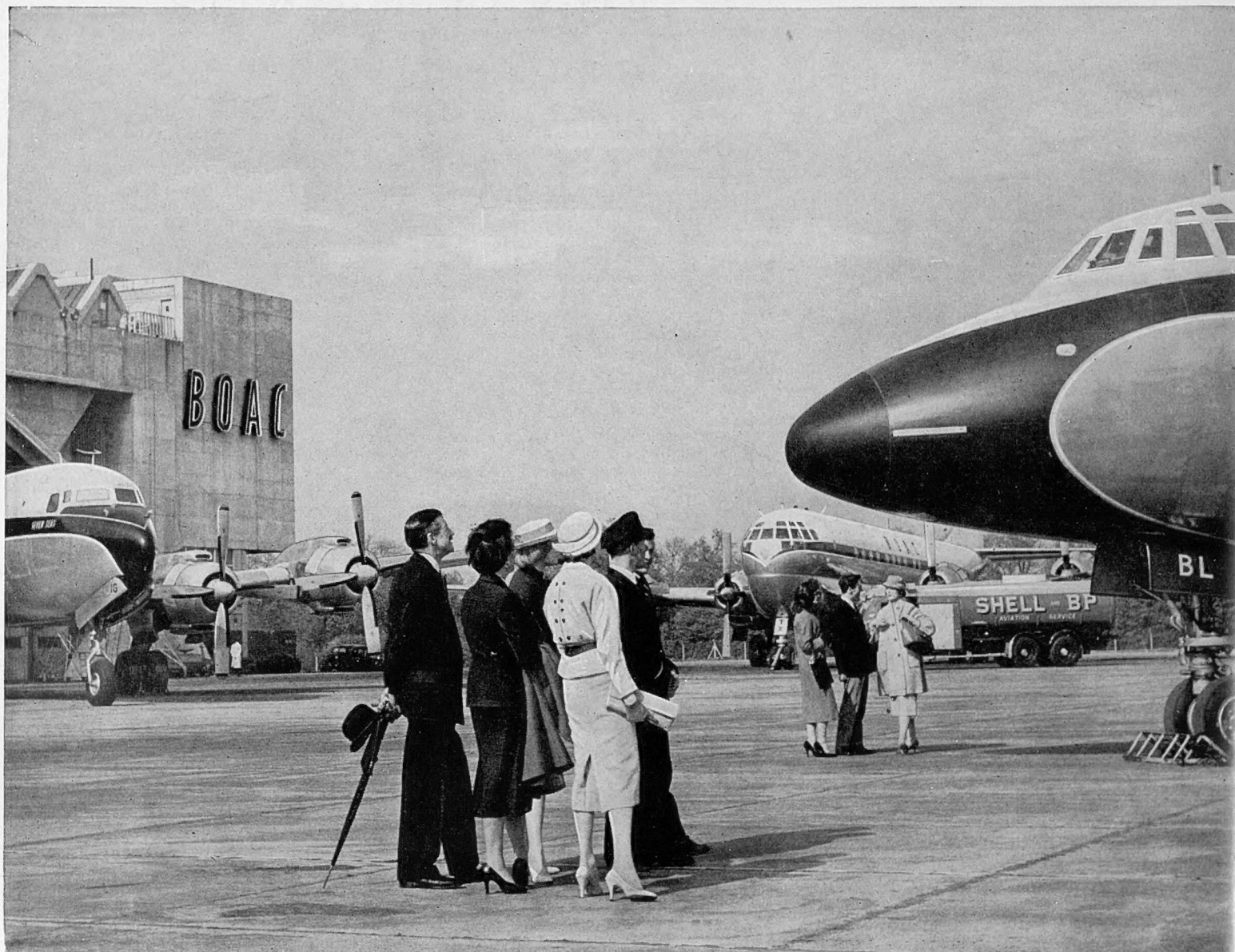
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A. V. Swache

Summer flowers for two débutantes

THE HON. JUNO WYNN AND MISS HONOR DUROSE recently shared a coming-out ball at Claridge's, given for them by their mothers, Denisa Lady Newborough and Mrs. Wilfrid Durose. This very successful dance was out-

standing for the lavish displays of exotic flowers which decorated the rooms. Miss Wynn, who was born in 1940, is the daughter of the fifth Lord Newborough. Miss Durose lives at Ireton Wood Hall near Idridgehay, in Derbyshire

DANCE AT CARLTON HOUSE TERRACE

SIR ROLAND AND LADY ROBINSON gave a dance for their debutante daughter, Miss Loretta Robinson (right) at their home in Carlton House Terrace recently. The three hundred guests included many visitors from overseas. Shortly before her coming-out dance, Miss Robinson returned from the United States where she has been studying. Sir Roland has been the Conservative M.P. for Blackpool South since 1950. He served in the R.A.F. Voluntary Reserve during the war and was knighted in 1954

Miss Jeannine Bedwell and Mr. Richard Robinson



A. V. Smith



Mr. John Ropner with Miss Linda Bird, who comes from New York City



Mr. Michael Lund in conversation with Miss Polly Cochrane



Lady Caroline Giffard sitting with Mr. Ian McCorquodale



Miss Polly Hunter dancing with Mr. John Shipton

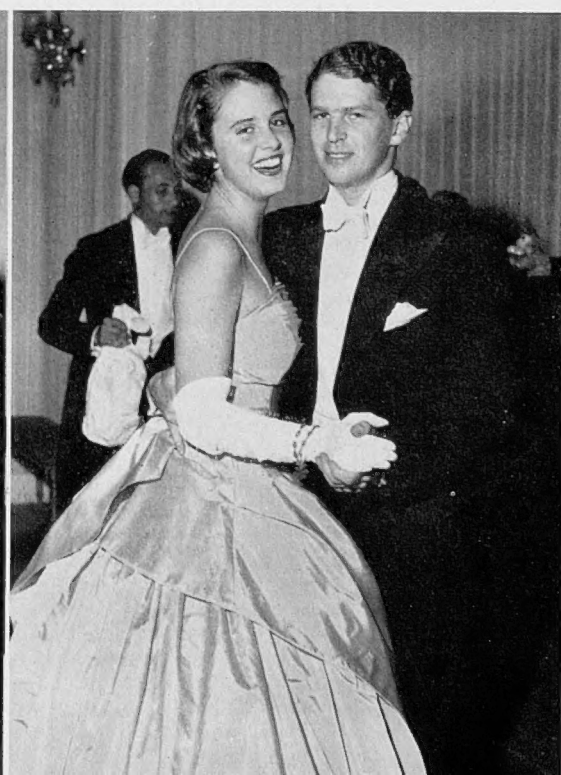


Miss Jacqueline Ansley partnered by Mr. Ian Rankin



Miss Suzanne Bareau talking to Mr. Edward McCullagh

Miss Patricia Rawlings and the Marquess of Tavistock



Miss Alice Zimmer from Virginia and Mr. Tim Royle



Mr. Guy Geddes in conversation with Miss Sue Sesnon

A SOMERSET WEDDING

AT St. Michael's, East Coker, Mr. Hugh Murray Marsh and his bride, Miss Jennifer Mary Ebbels, daughter of Brig. and Mrs. W. A. Ebbels, are seen (right) leaving the church, accompanied by their retinue, for the reception at the bride's home, Bubspool House. The bridegroom is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Duncan Marsh, of Idover House, Dauntsey, Wilts



Van Holan



Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Staniland, Miss Frances Boylan and Mrs. John Love, the bride's sister

Social Journal

Jennifer

A WONDERFUL BIRTHDAY PARTY

ONE of the gayest and most amusing parties of this London season was the dance which the Marchioness of Dufferin and Ava gave at her home in Hans Crescent, to celebrate the nineteenth birthday of her son, the Marquess of Dufferin and Ava, that day. Princess Margaret, looking cool and pretty in a white organdie dress with narrow bands of pink embroidery, dined with Lady Dufferin and Ava, her husband Judge Maude, and her son and younger daughter Lady Perdita Blackwood, before the dance, and later danced frequently during the evening. Other guests at dinner which, like supper later in the evening, was served in the drawing-room where obelisks of cupressus entwined with spiral garlands of peonies made a most effective décor, included Lord and Lady Herbert, Lord Plunket, débutantes Lady Daphne Cadogan and Miss Tessa Milne, Viscount Furneaux, Mr. Christopher Loyd, Mr. Billy Wallace, Miss Tessa Head, Miss Linda McNair Scott, and the Hon. George Beaumont.

Since the last big party the Marchioness of Dufferin and Ava gave here, she has bought the house next door, which Mr. Felix Harbord, who also did the décor for this dance, pulled to pieces inside and rebuilt making charming, well-proportioned and much bigger rooms. Dancing took place downstairs in the dining-room, a large classical room with pilasters and frieze of the Doric order in sienna coloured scagliola, against a background of pale pink marbling, and an old fireplace probably by James Gibbs. There was another dance floor on the roof garden, which was canopied over for the night, with small tables and chairs arranged around the floor. Adjoining this is an enchanting, permanent winter garden with heating under the floor, and walls of white treillage against pale blue. Semi-tropical plants are growing in the properly drained flower beds, and colourful tropical birds hop about and chirp merrily in their large airy cages. Many guests sat out here and in the fine new library on the first floor, or the morning room on the ground floor, where there was a bar. This room was cleverly decorated with obelisks of yew studded with red roses, and Mantegna-like laurel swags, with red ribbon, around the walls. The Marchioness of Dufferin and Ava, who made a charming picture in an embroidered and beaded oyster satin dress, with her magnificent high diamond tiara, is a wonderful hostess, and her parties, which are always superbly arranged, go with a swing and never fail to be the greatest fun.

Among the large number of friends enjoying this wonderful evening were many young people, including Miss Penelope d'Erlanger, Lord Dufferin and Ava's first cousins Mrs.

Michael Maclean and her attractive sister Miss Doon Plunket, Princess Charlotte Croy in her coming-out ball dress of ice blue satin, Lord Patrick Beresford, the Hon. Angus and the Hon. James Ogilvy, Mr. Denis Mountain, the Hon. Diana Herbert, Miss Camilla Straight, recently returned from a long tour in the United States, looking very slim and most attractive, the Marquess of Hamilton, Miss Tessa and Miss Marina Kennedy, who have certainly added charm to this season, Lord Farnham, the Earl of Suffolk in his usual gay spirits, Miss Elizabeth Grimston, Miss Antonia Tichborne, Miss Julia Williamson, Mr. George Rivas, Miss Henrietta Tiarks whose parents were also there, and Mlle. Emmeline de Waldner. Young marrieds at this lovely party included the Earl of Westmorland and Mr. John Wyndham and their beautiful wives, the Marquess and Marchioness of Normanby, Lord and Lady Dunboyne, Viscount and Viscountess Ednam, the latter very chic in red, Viscount and Viscountess Melgund, Lord and Lady Grantley and Mr. David and Lady Caroline Somerset.

Among diplomatic friends at the party I saw the Spanish Ambassador, the Duke of Primo de Rivera, the Austrian Ambassador Dr. Schwarzenberg, the German Ambassador Herr von Herwarth and his wife—he told me he had been in Greece that morning and flown home in time for the dance—and the former Austrian Ambassador Dr. Wimmer and Mme. Wimmer who were greeting many friends. Other guests there included Lady Dufferin and Ava's sister Mrs. Valerian Stux-Rybar, Viscount Astor, the Earl and Countess of Hardwicke, Lt.-Col. and Mrs. Neil Maclean, Mr. and Mrs. Peter Cazalet, the latter very attractive in white, Viscount Camrose, Mr. and Mrs. Gilbert Miller who gave an excellent party the following night (about which I will write next week, as space does not permit now), Earl Carnarvon, the Earl of Dudley, Earl and Countess Cadogan and her sister, Princess Joan Aly Khan, Mary Duchess of Roxburghe wearing the most exquisite necklace of huge black and white pearls, Sir Alfred and Lady Beit, the Earl of Wilton, Vicomte and Vicomtesse d'Orthez, Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Legge, the Marquess of Blandford, Mr. Rory and Mrs. Elizabeth More O'Ferrall and Mr. and Mrs. Frank More O'Ferrall, Mr. and Mrs. "Pop" d'Erlanger, Countess Jellicoe, Lady Daphne Straight, Mr. and Mrs. Rudolph de Trafford, Mrs. John Ward, Sir Henry Channon, Mr. Peter Coats, Mrs. Rosie Clyde, Sir Henry and Lady d'Avigdor-Goldsmid, the latter wearing a magnificent ruby and diamond tiara and necklace, the Hon. Henry and Mrs. Cubitt, the latter also wearing a superb tiara, Lady Monckton, Lady Elizabeth von Hofmannsthal—perhaps the most beautiful woman there—Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks, Miss Merle Oberon lovely in white, Mr. and Mrs. Anthony Bartley (Deborah Kerr).

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FROM here I went on just before 2 a.m. to Claridge's where I found Mr. George Ansley giving an extremely gay coming-out dance for his younger daughter Miss Jacqueline Ansley. The ballroom had been transformed by those ingenious young interior decorators Tim Parr and David Hicks, who carried out a Turkish theme. Round the walls were panels resembling Turkish arches, of red and blue material in a Turkish design. A Turkish tent also in red and blue had been erected in the centre of the dance floor, and here the three dance bands (two English and one from the Elephant Blanc in Paris) played continuously all the evening. Four black slaves in gold Turkish trousers and red fezzes stood about the room fanning guests with gigantic fans, which were extremely popular on a hot evening! The Trinidad Steel Band, in their scarlet jackets, played at the dinner party before the dance and serenaded guests at the tables during supper and breakfast.

Mr. Ansley and his beautiful wife, who wore an ice blue satin dress with a magnificent diamond necklace and tiara, make their home in Paris, where they have a lovely house. Before the dance they gave a dinner party for over a hundred guests including the Duke and Duchess of Marlborough, Rafaella Duchess of Leinster, Sir David and Lady Kelly, those charming young marrieds Earl and Countess Ferrers, the Earl and Countess of Coventry, Lord and Lady Edward FitzRoy, and the Hon. Robin and Mrs. Cayzer. Other young guests at dinner were Lady Carey Coke just back from her interesting trip to America, the Earl of

(Continued overleaf)



Brig. and Mrs. W. A. Ebbels, parents of the bride, listen to one of the speeches



Mrs. R. Wingfield Digby and Col. Gilbert Poole outside the marquee on the lawn



Mr. and Mrs. P. F. Swain were among the 250 guests



Lord Monteagle, who was the best man, and Lady Monteagle



Mr. Philip Wooley, Miss Ana Leveson-Gower and Mr. Kynaston Studd



Mrs. Rennie-O'Mahoney and the pupils of Cygnet House held their annual dance at Claridge's. Miss Zerelda Rougier-Chapman, the head Cygnet, is seen above with Mr. Geoffrey Bennett, who was a guest



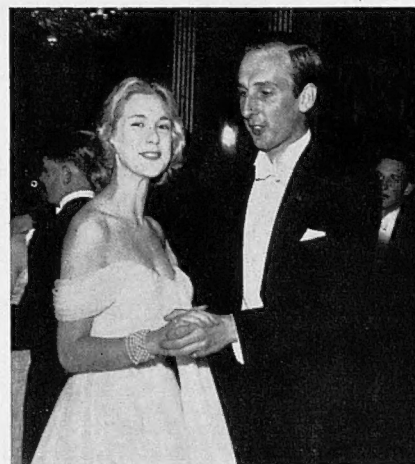
Miss Sarah Rawlinson with Mr. William Long



Miss Barbara Hulanicki and Mr. Tony Porter

Miss Susan Boxhall and Mr. David Buchan

Miss Beatrice Hulanicki with Mr. N. S. Pratt



Desmond O'Neill

Brecknock, Lady Susan Waldegrave, Lord Monk Bretton and Lady Charlotte Chetwynd-Talbot.

RAIN seriously interrupted this year's Eton and Harrow match at Lord's. I could not personally get up there either day before teatime, and on both days it was raining by that time and the prospect of more play was hopeless. Harrow won the toss after a delayed start, and went in to bat with more interruptions from rain (totalling four hours on the first day) and continued until soon after midday on the Saturday, when they declared with a total of 183 runs for nine wickets, the top scorer being J. D. C. Vargas, who made fifty before he was caught by J. W. Leonard off a ball from the Eton captain, E. J. Lane-Fox. Eton's reply was 204 runs for six wickets, when rain again stopped play and brought the match to an end.

Eton's top scorers were W. G. Clegg, who scored a splendid seventy-seven runs, and A. R. B. Burrows, who made a rousing sixty-eight not out, scoring twenty-five in his first fifteen minutes! His parents, Lt.-Gen. and Mrs. Brocas Burrows, were both there to see this fine performance, watching from their box under the clock tower, where they entertained many friends. The Eton skipper, Edward Lane-Fox, who is a very useful left-handed bowler, and took four of the Harrow wickets, was caught and bowled by P. W. Faith when he had only scored nine runs. He comes of a cricketing family. Edward's brother, Martin Lane-Fox, was in the Eton XXII last year, and his cousin, Timothy Yates, in 1954, while his father, James Lane-Fox, was twelfth man for the Eton XI at Lords in 1932, and his grandfather, the late Edward Lane-Fox, was in the Eton XI in 1891. But it does not end there, for his grandmother, Mrs. Edward Lane-Fox, who now lives in Oxfordshire, played as schoolgirl Enid Bethell in the Roodean cricket XI in 1908!

Edward Lane-Fox, who only became captain of this year's Eton XI because of the serious accident to his great friend Henry Blofeld, who was hit by a car, has a younger brother aged ten years at preparatory school at Sunningdale, where he is already in the cricket XI.

Present at the match were the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester with their Etonian son Prince William, the Prime Minister and Lady Dorothy Macmillan arrived up at Lord's on the first afternoon, and had tea with Lord Monckton, president of the M.C.C., and Lady Monckton in the pavilion.

WHAT I am sure will be remembered as the most romantic coming-out dance of this season was the one which Lady Robinson, wife of Sir Roland Robinson, M.P., gave for their daughter Miss Loretta Anne Robinson. This took place at the fine house in Carlton House Terrace which they bought from Viscount Camrose and his mother about eighteen months ago. It was a perfect fairytale setting, all planned with great care and thought, and carried out under the personal

supervision of both host and hostess by perhaps our greatest team of experts. Fortunately, it was a blissfully hot night, so many guests sat out in the garden (where plenty of chairs had been arranged on the lawn under the trees) softly lit only by the road lights of Carlton House Terrace, while strolling players in satin jackets serenaded with Viennese waltzes and lilting tunes: a truly romantic touch.

A ballroom had been built in a marquee adjoining the house by the famous Mr. Etherington, who creates such masterpieces under canvas, and it was I think the most attractive I have ever seen, opening on to the garden. The walls and ceiling were lined with snow-white muslin, and snow-white Grecian arbors from which baskets of flowers hung were built down one side; here small tables and chairs had been placed, while white Grecian pillars stood regally dividing the dance floor from a wide space where a bar with cool drinks had been arranged. Crystal chandeliers hung from the centre of the ceiling, and crystal wall lights were set at intervals all round the room. From these depended the most gorgeous bouquets of brilliantly coloured and sweet smelling flowers, tied with wide cerise ribbon streamers, and the same coloured ribbon was caught up in festoons right round the cornice. These lovely blooms and the superb flower arrangements throughout the house had been done by Constance Spry.

DELICIOUS supper was served at candlelit tables in the long first floor cream and gold drawing-room, and here I met Mr. Christopher Petherick, who since he left the Household Cavalry several years ago had been working with Searcy's, and always seems to be personally on the spot, to see that everything is really carried out to perfection. Before the dance, Lady Robinson's very charming mother, Mrs. Clarence Gasque, who looked very elegant in red satin, gave a dinner party for about fifty guests. Loretta Anne looked a dream in a billowing white tulle and satin crinoline, and Lady Robinson very chic in a dress of aquamarine blue, as they stood with Sir Roland Robinson receiving the guests. Many of these had come over especially from the Continent and from the United States, where Loretta Anne was at school until just before Royal Ascot.

Among those who had made a journey to be present at this lovely ball were Contessa Emmy di Verbania Poss and her attractive daughter Monica from Italy, Mrs. George W. Connell, Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Osborne and their daughter, Miss Anne Dale, Miss Linda Bird, Miss Diana Richmond and Miss Melinda Rutherford, all from the U.S.A. Also Mr. Carlos and Miss Clelia Campilli from Cuba, Mr. Krov Menuhin, son of the famous violinist from the Bahamas, where Sir Roland and Lady Robinson have another lovely home, and Miss Muriel Verdier, Mlle. Beatrice d'Oilliamson, Mlle. Marie Deschold and American friends Mr. and Mrs. Clement Brown from Paris. Mr. Nigel Marix who was over from his home in Palm Beach on a business trip was also at the dance.

Several Members of Parliament were present, including Sir Alfred Bossom, a near neighbour in Carlton Gardens, and Sir Leonard Ropner and Lady Ropner, who like W/Cdr. Grant-Ferris and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. John Hall, Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Dodds-Parker and Mr. and Mrs. Peter Smithers, all gave dinner parties for the ball. Other dinner hosts and hostesses included Lady Salmon, and the Hon. John and Mrs. Coventry, who told me they were off to Madresfield to stay with Earl and Countess Beauchamp the following weekend. Mr. Richard Robinson had many of his young friends from Cambridge there to enjoy his sister's dance.

Among the young people I saw dancing were Lady Elisabeth Gifford in pink, Miss Bridgit Hibbert looking very pretty in white dancing with the Hon. George Bathurst, Lady Mary Stopford and her sister, Lady Elizabeth Stopford, who is a débutante this year, the Hon. John Denison-Pender, Mr. Ian McCorquodale, who sat next to his young hostess at dinner, Mr. Lyle Thomas who is studying medicine at Cambridge, Mr. Robin Newman, Miss Joanna Smithers gay and pretty and very bronzed with the sun, Mr. Donald Marr, Miss Sarah Johnstone in pale blue, Lady Frances Curzon, Miss Susan Wills, the Hon. Jeremy Monson, Lady Daphne Cadogan, the Hon. Richard Beaumont, the Hon. Mary Rose Peake, Mr. Billy Abel Smith and his fiancée Miss Ruth Huggins, Miss Daphne Philipps, and many more whom I saw enjoying this exceptionally happy and lovely ball, but have not space to mention.

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THE Duke of Beaufort, President of the British Olympic Association, presided at the annual dinner held recently at Grosvenor House, and attended by a great number of British sportsmen and sportswomen. The speeches, after the Queen's health had been proposed by the President, were interesting and amusing. The first was delivered by Lord Brabazon of Tara, whose prowess in sport goes from golf to driving a racing car, racing an aeroplane or riding skeleton down the famous Cresta. He spoke about the British Olympic Association and brought up some very interesting points about the size of the Olympics now, and asked whether some of the sports now had not got a little out of date? The Marquess of Exeter, Chairman of the Association and always a dynamic speaker, came next. He was followed by Lt.-Col. Frank Weldon, a gold medallist at the Olympic Equestrian Games in Stockholm last summer, young Miss Judy Grinham, our gold medallist for swimming at Melbourne last year, who spoke charmingly, Sir Stanley Rous, and Sir Eric Harrison, High Commissioner for Australia.

Both the president and chairman said that this year, instead of appealing for a great sum of money, they could say "Thank you" to everyone who last year responded and enabled us to send a really good team, well equipped, to compete in the Olympics, and uphold British prestige.

It was a splendid sight to see so many successful competitors present. At the top table alone there were five gold medallists! Col. Weldon and Miss Judy Grinham who I have already mentioned, Mr. Chris Brasher, Mr. E. Hill and Miss Gillian Sheen. Besides those I have mentioned, guests present included the Duchess of Beaufort, the Marchioness of Exeter, Lady Brabazon of Tara, Lady Harrison, Earl Beatty, Lord and Lady Mills of Studley, Sir Wavell and Lady Wakefield, Mr. "Laddie" Lucas, M.P., Mr. E. J. Holt and Mr. Frank Gentle. Silver medallists of 1956 present were, helmsman Major J. D. Dillon, the three women athletes, Miss Anne Pashley, Mrs. June Paul and Miss Jean Serwens, also bronze medallists Mr. D. C. Burgess and Mr. M. J. Gambrill (cycling), Miss Margaret Edwards (swimming), Lt.-Cdr. G. H. Mann, R.N. (yachting), Mr. Peter Robeson (equestrian), Mr. F. P. Higgins and Mr. J. E. Salisbury (athletics).

Mr. R. G. Hinks, the hard-working appeals secretary, who arranges this dinner so efficiently, was looking round to see everything was going smoothly. About the room I saw the Earl of Gainsborough, President of the Amateur Gymnastic Association, Mr. "Gully" Nickalls, chairman of the Amateur Rowing Association, and Mr. G. H. Conway, chairman of the Amateur Boxing Association, which produced the two gold medallists at Melbourne, young Terry Spinks and Dick McTaggart.

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FROM here I motored down to Surrey for the dance which Sir Eric and Lady Bowater were giving at their lovely home Dene Place, West Horsley, for their débutante daughter Sarah, who looked sweet in a dress of duck egg blue chiffon. I arrived soon after midnight just as the most magnificent firework display had started. This was a dinner dance, and guests had dined at small tables which were arranged all round the dance floor of a giant marquee. There appeared to be most of the young girls who had come out this season dancing at this very good party, and plenty of young men.

Among older guests I met the Marquess of Linlithgow, the Marquess and Marchioness Townshend, whose daughter Lady Carolyn Townshend, a very attractive girl, is soon off to finish in Florence. Mr. and Mrs. Malcolm Vaughan, Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Eaton, Mr. and Mrs. Alaric Russell, and Mr. and Mrs. Bryan Gibbs. Other older friends present included Major Humphrey and Lady Rose Crossman, Viscount and Viscountess Runciman, and Major J. and Lady Mary Boscawen.

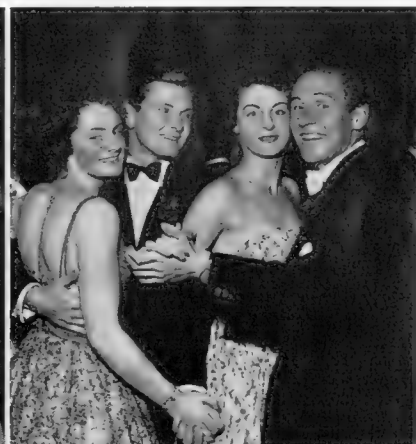


DANCE AT WEST HORSLEY

SIR ERIC AND LADY BOWATER gave a dance for their debutante daughter, Miss Sarah Bowater (above), at their beautiful house, Dene Place, West Horsley, Surrey

Miss Juliet Runge and the Hon. Michael Morris dancing at this successful party

Miss Annabel Ley, Mr. Robin Napier, Miss Vivian Walker and Mr. John Impey



Mr. Brian Balding and Miss Gay Lowson

Miss Charlotte Bowater and Mr. R. Lindsay

Desmond O'Neill



THE MINIATURE Wedgwood vase (left) is filled with tiny narcissi and forget-me-nots, with the full-scale narcissus to indicate proportion. (Right) the old-fashioned glass match-holder, 1½ in. high, holds a bouquet of small red and white roses



THE GREEN FINGERS OF TOM THUMB

ANNE ASHBERRY describes a pastime whose fascination is equalled only by the charm, grace and decorative qualities of the completed posies



A perfect container for miniature flowers is this silver salt cellar, seen in actual size

IN most houses there are probably a few special places where a posy of miniature flowers will look just right. Of course such an arrangement will be insignificant unless well placed, but to decorate an occasional table, or a narrow window ledge, a small alcove or a bedside table, a group of flowers, carefully arranged will show up charmingly where a full-scale arrangement might be overwhelming.

To enjoy making miniature flower arrangements one needs patience, deft fingers, a sense of proportion as well as an appreciation of beauty on a small scale. Flowers which are frequently used in a mass, lily-of-the-valley, forget-me-nots and muscari, where the form of the individual flowers is lost, show to advantage and are very beautiful indeed when used sparingly in a tiny vase. Many lovely little flowers, which are not always noticed, are viewed with fresh interest by anyone experimenting with this type of floral arrangement. This is particularly true of wild flowers—the harebell, wood sorrel, creeping cinquefoil, bird's foot trefoil and many others.

I have used most small wild flowers. Buttercups, celandines, vetch and anemones are really charming in small vases. Then others, like hawthorn, mayblossom and gypsophila, which grow in such profusion that one seldom looks at them closely, seeing only the vast mass of bloom, used as individual flowers or tiny clusters are very lovely indeed, and can be quite exquisite when in a suitable vase.

Most rock gardens will provide a wealth of material for small arrangements. In January and February there are the enchanting miniature daffodils and muscari, followed by the early saxifragas, pink, white or yellow; androsace, dryas, erinus, erodium and campanulas, and then, in the summer, the miniature roses.

Even the most modest town garden can furnish some flowers, especially from the smaller annuals—lobelia, alyssum, ageratum, nemophila. No gardener, however reluctant to cut from his herbaceous border, could miss a few flowers from these. Some grasses are quite lovely in flower and very graceful, and can be used with good effect in the little vases, especially as a foil to vivid colour.

COLLECTING small vases is a pleasant hobby which can be indulged in without much expense. It has the advantage that even a comprehensive collection, including glass, silver, bronze, pewter, china or pottery, can be housed in a very small space, providing a container to suit any position and every kind of flower.

Some silver salt cellars with graceful contours and little feet make ideal containers, so do the jugs and basins from toy tea-sets. There are many tiny vases in bone china or pottery, some of the former decorated by minute hand-paintings of birds and flowers in exquisite detail. The most famous factories, Copeland, Royal Worcester, Minton and Wedgwood, have in the past produced, and still do produce, some very lovely miniature vases.

Some shapes will hold the flowers comfortably without any supporting medium, but others, especially the rather shallow dishes, will need something to keep the flowers in place. I have found horticultural Vermiculite excellent for this purpose. It is very light in weight and easy to handle; it is also quite inexpensive and obtainable at most horticultural sundriesmen. This Vermiculite, which is made up of minute pieces of mica, should be soaked for a few hours before use. The particles swell when saturated and will hold the moisture so that it can be used in a consistency of thick paste and firmed down in the vase. Stiff stems—like those of roses—can be pushed into the Vermiculite, but soft stems require a hole to be made for them; this is easy with an orange stick or piece of wire. A little water can be added when the arrangement is finished, but with well saturated Vermiculite the flowers will last about a week with surprisingly little water.

A REGENT'S PARK PARTY

A GARDEN PARTY in aid of the Sunshine Homes for Blind Babies was held at The Holme, Regent's Park; there were stalls, side-shows and a brilliant marching display



The Hon. John Vaughan and Fiona St. Aubyn taking a ride in a model sportscar



Mrs. Diana Barnato Walker and Amanda Straight

Mrs. Nigel Campbell with her daughter Emma



Viscount Brocas and the Hon. Nicholas Jellicoe with their mother, Countess Jellicoe

Miss Deborah Kerr and the Hon. Tom Sackville talking to pearly king Bert Matthews



Desmond O'Neill, Carinthia West, Lady Melchett, the Hon. Kerena Mond

Mrs. W. Gerard Leigh and Lady Roderick Pratt

Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks, Miss Elizabeth Stehlin, Miss Sheran Cazalet and Miss Camilla Straight

This old print, which is taken from the collection in the possession of E. R. Pole, Esq., depicts "The Queen, Prince Albert and the Royal Children departing in their Railway Carriage for Scotland" in mid-century



WHEN ROYALTY FIRST TOOK THE RAILWAY PLUNGE

SYDNEY CARTER describes here the beginnings of luxury travel by train, pointing out that in this sphere it was royalty who served as the daring innovators for their subjects in the latest form of transport



Queen Adelaide's saloon, 1842. The Dowager Queen Adelaide actually preceded Queen Victoria in rail travel

KINGS and queens in days gone by sometimes had a royal Taster: he would sample a banquet and, if he didn't drop down dead, it was safe for royalty to eat. Today, it is the other way round. New plays, new drugs, new forms of transport are tried out on kings and queens. Not until royalty went up in a Comet II did the public feel it was officially safe.

So it was with the railway.

On June 11, 1842, Queen Victoria travelled up to Paddington on a locomotive train; after which her subjects could feel reasonably sure that the wheels would not come off, or the boiler burst, if they tried the same experiment. Whether the Queen felt quite so sure is not so certain. She had been slow to set the seal of her approval on this giddy form of transport. The Prince Consort, as was proper, had done a bit of reconnaissance. He made the trip from Slough (the nearest point on the G.W.R.) to Paddington in 1839.

More surprisingly, the Dowager Queen Adelaide had also ventured out by rail some time before. Indeed, this intrepid lady had taken to railway travel like (if one may say so with respect) a duck to water. By 1842, in fact, she had already got as far as having a bed-carriage for the longer trips. This luxurious apartment is still proudly preserved by British Railways at Wolverton.

THE epoch-making progress from Slough to Paddington took twenty-five minutes; which compares extremely well with the time which the same trip would take today. It would be a mistake, however, to accuse Queen Victoria of a morbid appetite for speed. In fact, it was customary on the royal train to have a special signalling device whereby Her Majesty could indicate to the driver that he should moderate his zeal. On the Waverley route from Edinburgh to Carlisle, which is pleasingly twisty and precipitous, the driver once proved over-eager to display his skill. Queen Victoria was not amused. Forty miles an hour, she considered, was a comfortable limit.

But if she was no pioneer in the matter of rapidity, it could be claimed for Queen Victoria that she set a cracking pace in all that concerned convenience and dignity. "The saloon" wrote a con-

temporary of the first royal train: "is handsomely decorated with hanging sofas in the rich style of Louis XIV, and the walls are panelled out in the same elegant manner, and fitted up with rich crimson and white silk and exquisitely executed paintings representing the four elements by Perris. The end compartments are also fitted up in the same style, each apartment having in the centre a useful and ornamental rosewood table; and the floors of the whole are covered with chequered India matting."

This magnificent travelling apartment was constructed by David Davies, a coachbuilder who had won his skill and fame with horse drawn vehicles. Like the art of printing books, the art of building railway coaches may be said to have been born mature and to have declined, in splendour if not in cheapness or utility, with each succeeding year. Just as Gutenberg and Caxton took over the tradition of illuminated manuscripts, so the railway men started with a legacy. "It is an odd thing," writes C. Hamilton Ellis, "that railways, so commonly regarded as the great product of the Victorian era, consciously or unconsciously followed in their vehicles the styles of the eighteenth century and the Regency. Looking at the 1869 Queen's Carriage, we are reminded of deck-houses on a large yacht or a royal barge. In the nineteenth century railway carriage at its best there are always suggestions of a family coach, or a ship, or even of both. Out of the two traditions emerged a new one."

ONE of the things that the family coach did not have, however, was a lavatory. Nor did the early railway carriages; but as journeys increased in length the need for a break in traditional coach design became apparent. This inconvenience was remedied in the royal train of 1848; trains of baser quality soon followed suit. We probably have Prince Albert, rightly called the Good, to bless for this. The first heating system installed in a railway carriage was also in a royal train—"a hot-water heater served by a small boiler under the floor, devised by Perkins, the inventor of the steam gun (a secret weapon of the eighteen twenties which, however, failed to go off.)" So again writes Mr. Ellis, who seems to know everything.

One innovation, however, Queen Victoria drew the line: gas lighting. When the North Western installed it on a royal train, she had to take it out. By 1897, however, she raised no objection to electric light—provided it was kept out of her own compartment.

With the rest of the Diamond Jubilee train lit by electric light the Queen sat beneath the glow of an enormous oil lamp hanging from the dome-shaped ceiling, as her travelling party hurtled through the English dusk.

The Prince of Wales had a train stationed at Calais, built for royal journeys on the Continent. No Continental monarchs had the same in Britain; though the South Western Railway blossomed out in gold and red on a locomotive provided for a visit by the King of Spain, and in gold and blue for the King of Sweden. The Brighton Company went one better for the President of France: an engine was named *La France* and adorned with crossed tricolours, while the coal was painted white.

The last refinement in royal comfort was the instalment of bathrooms in the train used by their Majesties King George V and Queen Mary in the war of 1914-1918. But by then the automobile had already begun to snort and splutter through the lanes of England, to bring new life to coaching inns abandoned for a century—and, incidentally, to kill more people than the railway trains had ever done. The first aeroplane had already crossed the Channel. The railway was no longer the last thing in travel. New royal carriages were built—neat, functional, modestly luxurious, but lacking the old, flamboyant splendour of the golden age. Railways, now old enough to have a sense of history, began to gather up their relics, including their royal relics; some of which are to be seen at Euston Station in a powerfully nostalgic little exhibition, which is changed from time to time, in the old Shareholders' Room. For anyone with half an hour to wait it is cheaper, and more interesting, than the usual news cinema. It was there that I found Mr. Ellis's fascinating booklet (price 1s.) about royal trains, which I have been pillaging so shamelessly; and from which I steal one final, possibly revealing, fact.

Although dining cars had been in use from 1879, says Mr. Ellis, Queen Victoria would never take a meal upon a train. "At any rate," he rather sinisterly adds, "in Great Britain."



The splendidly appointed day saloon in Queen Victoria's coach of 1853



Above are some of the headlamps that were used on the royal train



A more utilitarian approach to royal transport can be seen in the Queen's saloon built in 1941



WITH SPINNAKERS SET, to take full advantage of the light airs, some of the 180 competitors in the Round the Island race at Cowes, make an impressive sight as they ghost over the scarcely troubled water. This year's race, said to be the biggest single event in the history of yacht racing, was won by the eleven tonner Uomie, whose owner, Mr. S. B. Slater, thus becomes the holder of the Roman Gold Bowl

Roundabout

E. S. Turner

A HAUNTING THOUGHT FOR THE RATE COLLECTOR

WHEN the owner of a 500-year-old manor at Buriton, Hampshire, secured a reduction of £13 in his rateable value on the plea (according to a news report) that one of his bedrooms was haunted, he stirred fires of envy in many breasts.

Some of us who, in a flush of indignation, entered appeals against the increased assessments on our (unhaunted) dwellings have been hard put to it to find dignified ways to depreciate our possessions.

Normally, there are four ways of obtaining a reduction in rates: by proclaiming to the world that one is living in an insanitary ruin; by proving that one is an innocent victim of Progress; by showing that one's neighbours are unfairly privileged; and by exposing the anti-social habits of the community in which one dwells. Not one of these methods really commends itself to the fastidious.

NOBODY likes to advertise the fact that Teddy Boys are in the habit of holding pontoon schools in his shrubbery, or that the dwelling which he has hopes of selling will soon find itself situated at the take-off end of a jet runway. But an old-established ghost is a liability that no one need be ashamed to parade. The more one thinks about it the more surprising it is that the court in question did not rule the apparition to be an asset and increase the rates. If the Duke of Bedford were to add a ghost to the manifold attractions of Woburn Abbey there

is very little doubt that his assessment would go up appreciably.

Probably, at their next conclave, valuation officers will hold an inquiry into the case of the Buriton ghost. You may not have met a valuation officer. He is a normal, God-fearing human being in whom one potentially vicious trait has been wantonly developed: that of detecting advantages in other people's handicaps. Perhaps there are no made-up roads near you? Then you are fortunate that you do not face peril from fast traffic. Is there a high rail embankment to your rear? Then nobody can build houses to overlook you. Does your house hang on the lip of a half-eroded cliff? Consider how near you are to the sea.

IN their professional examinations, one imagines that valuation officers are set exercises like: "Find the silver lining in the following: propinquity to criminal lunatic asylum; presence of open-cast coalmining; three-sided view of a cemetery."

Wistfully, one returns to the subject of ghosts. But, alas, there is a chronic scarcity of apparitions in our modern cities and conurbations. A man beheaded on a block may leave a ghost; a man beheaded by his own windscreen rarely does. A White Lady in Carolean robes merits our attention, but not a contemporary White Lady in pyjamas wanly clutching a large, empty bottle of veronal.

The owners of 500-year-old manors have the advantage every time.



TOO BAD

I well remember summers of the past
 Tea on a terrace from a silver pot
 Held elegantly high and dipped to cup,
 The poised, cool women and the blazered men
 Whose tidy smiles and modulated tones
 Blended with fragrant Souchong and the cakes,
 The vivid flower beds and the new cut grass.
 All seemed to promise a serene, good life.
 I did not think that Fate would knock me down
 And leave me in a room in Kentish Town.

—C. N. Colne

THERE is an admirable story in Thomas Firkbank's "I Bought A Star" about a crusty Guards major nicknamed "Badger." When the author, a raw ensign, mentioned that he had returned to the mess by tube, being unable to obtain a taxi, "Badger" was silent for a while and then said, "What's it like?" The ensign was puzzled, and "Badger" impatiently said, "In the tube."

Are there still any Badgers? If so, how would you answer the question, "What's it like?" It is not enough simply to say that there are trains down there, and that they are ushered in and out of tunnels by jovial Jamaicans. You would have to explain that, stretching for scores of miles under the Metropolis, is the world's largest collection of erotic art. You would discourse, perhaps, about the blameless young men who are daily embarrassed on their way to work by the photographs of their girl friends in corsets and bath towels. You would tell of some of the harassed functionaries, not necessarily Jamaican, who discharge peculiar duties in the catacombs: the man with a pocket of assorted indiarubbers who spends his days eliminating moustaches and worse from the posters; and his well-co-ordinated colleague who marks time briskly on a moving escalator while he changes posters (an interesting modern variant on the treadmill).

You would mention, perhaps, the changes wrought in our courting customs by escalators, for it is not unusual to see a couple—he facing forwards, she on the step above, facing backwards—beguiling the long ascent by kissing. You might also discourse on the fact that whereas men with dark glasses and white sticks step confidently on and off escalators, women with the gift of sight are unable to do so without disintegrating, morally and physically. You might speculate, also, on why so many people wander round the Underground talking to themselves, usually crossly.

It is a strange and puzzling world down there. Often one

wonders how it would impress, not only the Badgers of this world, but stern Presbyters from beyond the Minch.

★ ★ ★

IN a country which stages rallies for four-in-hand coaches, steam-rollers, brewers' drays, invalid tricycles and old corks, no one presumably was surprised at the idea of motor-scooter owners from all over Britain converging in hundreds, for their own inscrutable purposes, on Woburn Abbey. One of the more baffling traits in the British character is the urge to fraternize which springs up among owners of unorthodox wheeled transport.

Indeed, any individualist who uses wheels has to fight hard not to belong to an organization. The writer, on inquiring of the Royal Automobile Club whether he could purchase Continental touring papers without having to buy twelve months' saluting on British roads, received a remarkable homily which ended: "... the motorist who elects not to become a member of one of our organizations can only be termed a motorist without a sense of responsibility."

He at once inquired, "Responsibility towards what?" but got no very clear answer. The answer seemed to be "the cause of motoring," whatever that is. Fantastic though it seems, some of us are capable of repairing our own cars when they break down and can even find our way about the country by using ordinary maps; why, we even *like* defending ourselves in court.

Eccentric we may be, but it seems unduly hard to call us irresponsible.

NEXT WEEK, and the week following, "Roundabout" will be taken over by Mr. Robert Morley, who besides being a leading personality of the stage is becoming increasingly recognized as a brilliant and realistic commentator on the contemporary scene, both of the theatre and of the world at large.



BRIGGS

by Graham

Racing

ON GOODWOOD'S UPLANDS



Amber Glass, a grey four-year-old, trained by George Todd, runs in the Goodwood Cup



Strongly fancied for the Stewards' Cup is Mrs. R. B. More O'Ferrall's horse, Miliesian

Lord Rosebery's Dobbie, favourite for the Arundel Castle Private Sweepstake



THE Goodwood race meeting, with its informal, picnic atmosphere, staged in that beautiful Sussex setting of beech trees and rolling downland overlooking the Duke of Richmond and Gordon's private park, marks the half-way point in our flat racing season. Four of the five classic races are already decided, and ahead lie the St. Leger, the main two-year-old tests, and the big autumn handicaps.

So this Goodwood occasion is characterized by a "half-term" feeling, and even the bookmakers, who make the Birdless Grove ring for these four days in its otherwise-silent year, dress for the event in their Riviera garb.

There is no racecourse in England though, more exposed to the elements, as those who were present on Goodwood Stakes day last year will have cause to remember. And sometimes, drifting up from the nearby Solent, comes a cold sea-fret, which will obscure visibility, so that the runners can only be dimly distinguished in the last furlong.

The French usually send over a fancied runner or two, and there is competition as well from Ireland. There will be a strong fancy this year for the Irish champion sprinter, Milesian, in the Stewards' Cup, although most of the locals will follow the fortunes of Bigibigi, owned by Miss "Grizzle" Grant-Lawson and trained by Willie Smyth at Arundel, a few miles away.

The Arundel Castle Private Sweepstake has now become a traditional feature of this meeting. Results of this event do not always attune with backers' expectations, but there seems little doubt this year that Lord Rosebery, owner of the probable favourite, Dobbie, will have to make the main speech of the evening at the Duke of Norfolk's dinner party on the night of the race.

Dobbie, winner of her last three races, is by Vilmorin, whose best son, Quorum, is coming down from Yorkshire to run for the Sussex Stakes. His trainer, Col. Wilfred Lyde, considers this the best horse he has had through his hands, and will be disappointed if he returns north without another easily-gained victory.

The Irish trainer, Paddy Prendergast, is sending a number of runners from his stables on the Curragh. Among them will be the French-bred two-year-old, Two Francs—a pun on the names of his joint owners, Mr. Frank Svejdar (whose wife, Lady Honor, owns that good filly, Angelet) and Mr. Frank More O'Ferrall, head of the Anglo-Irish Bloodstock Exporting Agency.

FRANK MORE O'FERRALL and his wife Angela entertain in one of the chalets which are such a distinctive feature of the Goodwood scene. Sir Eric and Lady Ohlson, Mr. and Mrs. Jack Hylton and Mr. and Mrs. Basil Bennett are others who dispense hospitality in this line of little wooden huts, which the Clerk of the Course, Ralph Hubbard, had erected four years ago to replace the marquees.

The black-and-white spotted colours of Col. Bernard Hornung, a Sussex owner, usually meet with success here, and there will be a strong following for his brilliant filly Abelia in the Molecomb Stakes. This swishy-tailed daughter of Abernant made all the running to win the Queen Mary Stakes at Ascot, and later beat the Queen's colt, Pall Mall, somewhat cleverly, for the July Stakes at Newmarket. Lester Piggott rode her tenderly on both occasions and, indeed, he had no necessity to force her.

She has a turn of brilliant early speed, and the ability to move into top gear abruptly from a standing start. This sparkle will probably have her rivals in difficulties in the first quarter mile of the downhill Goodwood sprint course.

The Goodwood Cup will be poorer by the absence of Atlas, Zarathustra and other useful stayers, and we must agree with Capt. Cecil Boyd-Rochfort's opinion that we are unlikely to keep this prize in England. Running plans are not yet decided, but don't forget that three-year-olds receive an important concession here, and there seems no doubt that we have a vintage crop this season.

The trainer to follow? George Todd, whose horses are just beginning to run into form, and who is a particularly shrewd judge of handicaps. The Manton trainer, who won the 1955 Goodwood Stakes with French Design, has no master at the art of preparing stayers, and one should not in passing forget that he also saddled Dramatic to win the Stewards' Cup in 1948. His grey four-year-old Amber Glass, which he acquired at the December Sales last year, is one member of his team which seems sure to win in the near future.

—Ormonde



Viscountess Cranborne with her two sons the Hon. Richard Cecil and the Hon. Charles Cecil
Victor Yorke

Mrs. R. Anderson was with her son Neville Anderson

Elizabeth Ironmonger on Kitty, and Miss Gillian Dewey



Miss Jane Hunt on Rainbow, with Miss D. Santell



Miss Penny Griffiths and Miss Hervey Murray



Miss C. Llewellyn and pony Sandpiper, Championship winner in the children's pony classes

CRANBORNE HORSE SHOW

THE CRANBORNE HORSE SHOW Society held their twelfth annual show recently. This event grows in size every year, and this year there was a record number of entries and of spectators, who had excellent weather

David Scott grooming his pony, Ronny before their turn in the show ring





Mr. Jacques Allez, President of the French Aero Club, Miss Yvonne Elliot, Mr. Eric Pasold and Capt. Joe Taylor



Col. R. L. Preston, Secretary General of the R.Ae.C., with Mr. Kenneth Davies, Chairman



Mr. D. C. Maxwell and Baroness Von Hoyningen-Huene having luncheon at the Ambassadeurs

Priscilla in Paris

THE ESSENCE OF LIFE BECOMES A LUXURY



PETROL "down" a ha'penny in G.B. and "up" by an extra twenty-three francs added to the already exorbitant price of seventy-seventy-per-litre in this country, ought to have cast a slight gloom over the weekend, but there were more cars on the road than ever. France does not seem to be taking the austerity that M. Bourges-Maunoury requires of her very seriously. The excuse this time was the torrid weather and the necessity of getting a whiff of fresh air. I got mine—together with a few smuts—in the train coming up from the Island.

As we passed through Dreux I noticed an unusual animation on the arrival platform. Crowds of excursionist sightseers were on their way to rubber-neck at the wedding of *le prince Henri de France* son of *le comte de Paris* to the *duchesse Marie-Thérèse* of Wurtemberg. There was great excitement and pushing. I sympathized, but did not envy. I heard a dear old couple computing the number of the young bridegroom's unmarried brothers and sisters. This being the second wedding that has taken place there since January, the old lady opined that perhaps the S.N.C.F. might issue season tickets and run special trains for the pageants to come.

ON arrival in town I recuperated a freshly painted Elegant Elizabeth. The garage had overdone it a bit by pipe-claying her tyres. In order to live up to such grandeur I drove her to the inauguration of the thirteenth underground passage that has been built to relieve the congestion of heavy traffic on the surface of the city. Our kind city fathers are going all out (and we hope visitors will notice this) to do what they can for our comfort. I have a suggestion to make, however: Why not leave the traffic to the turbulence we have become accustomed to and, during the dog days at least, after adding a few benches, palms-in-pots and refreshment stalls, convert the passage into a promenade-for-pedestrians; the draught is heavenly down there!

Because school holidays have started earlier than usual this year, but will continue till October as they always do, plans have been made for the amusement of children whose parents cannot leave Paris so early or for long. At the *Jardin d'Acclimation*, bordering on the Bois de Boulogne towards Neuilly, there will be all manner of games and competitions. Super "Guignol"

AT THE DEAUVILLE AIR RALLY

MEMBERS and associate members of the Royal Aero Club were again the guests of M. Andre—who has played host to British private aeroplane owners and their friends every year, except for the war years, since 1936—during the Weekend Rally which took place at Deauville recently



A view from the control tower of some of the eighty-five private aircraft which attended the Rally

(Punch and Judy) shows will be given at the marionette theatre. A miniature track for toy automobiles and other joys are promised. This, I imagine, will be pleasant news for visitors who have "brought the children" and for whom the cinema is not the only form of entertainment for the young.

It was on the warmest evening of the many we have had recently that, stripped to the limit and sorry for our more heavily clad escorts, we attended the première of the late Eugene O'Neill's remarkable play *Long Day's Journey Into Night* at the Theatre Sarah Bernhardt (actually *Théâtre des Nations*). Tradition has it that all true Parisians, leaving their lovely city to provincial and foreign visitors, depart for the sea, the country or the mountains as soon as the Grand Prix is over, but on this occasion all the habitual first-nighters were present together with quite a few unusual ones such as Edwige Feuillère who is so rarely seen elsewhere than behind the footlights, Robert Pizani, and the Barreyres who came up purposely from their summer home, that is so amusingly named *la Haute Folie*.

FOR many spectators who did not understand a word of English, the *Long Day's Journey Into Night* must have been a long (four hours!) evening in a Turkish bath, but so admirable was the production, so brilliant the acting, the audience was one of the most attentive I have ever known. Bracelet-jinglers, bead-clickers, sweet-chewers and programme-rustlers, all kindly abstained. This does not mean that they were somnolent, indeed they were widely awake. I am inclined to believe that Frederic March has been seen and heard by his innumerable French fans in so many "V.O." versions of the American films that are shown with French captions, that they bulldozed themselves into imagining that they understood what was being said. Some of the remarks I heard during the entr'actes showed me how vivid was their imagination... but they also confirmed my opinion!

Les bonnes bouches . . .

- "A well tailored but slightly shabby man stands at the kerbstone on the Champs-Élysées. A ticket on his chest states: "One wife, three children and a car to feed!"



Mr. Eric Pasold arriving in his Miles Aries, which he flies from White Waltham, Maidenhead
Clayton Evans



Mrs. Grierson and Mr. John Grierson at the Ambassadeurs



W/Cdr. R. C. Presland with Mrs. Pelham Reid

Mr. David d'Ambrumenil and Mrs. Kenneth Davies

Major Pelham Reid sitting with Mrs. Maynard



At the Theatre

DISCORDANT SILVER WEDDING BELLS

"SILVER WEDDING" (Cambridge Theatre) brings the welcome return to the London stage of Evelyn Laye and Frank Lawton, together for the first time in the West End. Below, Miss Laye has announced on her silver wedding that she is leaving her ever-unfaithful husband (Frank Lawton) who takes the news glumly. Above right, Marie Löhr as an ex-Gaiety-Girl, peerage-married, has a splendid time dispensing balm to all and sundry. Drawings by Glan Williams



FROM the beginning of *Silver Wedding*, at the Cambridge, it is clear that we are not, as the scenery would have us believe, in Cheyne Row, Chelsea, but in theatreland. That accepted, it is immensely reassuring to see from the programme the names of Miss Evelyn Laye, Miss Marie Löhr and Mr. Frank Lawton. They are players who understand the ways of the place.

Only a lady belonging to theatreland would choose breakfast time on her silver wedding day to explain that she is on the point of running away with an American millionaire. She has just laughingly received the present of two identical travelling clocks from her grown-up children—"Staff work not too good, mummy!"—"Never mind, you darlings!" She has crowed delightedly over a cheque for £50 from her husband—a rising diplomat already closely in touch by telephone with the Prime Minister. And these charming domesticities remind her that she is head over heels in love with Charles. He is someone her husband has never met, someone who picked her up at a night club, but who is as irresistible as he is devoted: they are off to Tangier in a day or two. To show that Charles really exists, she gets him out of his bath and dithers ecstatically through the telephone.

Only a stage diplomat, I hope, would walk so unguardedly into the trap set for him. Sir Robert Marlowe gives way to rather pompous indignation. How can his wife suppose that he doesn't love her simply because for a great number of years he has forgotten to say so? With a smart click the trap closes on him. Her silver wedding present to him is an elegant bundle of the love letters he has written to many different women in the course of his diplomatic travels.

IN theatreland there is no need to consider too closely the implication of the wife's confession that she has been spying on her neglectful but good humoured husband year after year. If we went into that implication we should have to regard Lady Marlowe as a frustrated and deeply resentful woman. She is, of course, nothing of the sort. She waffles with fun. She is a happy-starred spirit. She is an Evelyn Laye heroine. It is inconceivable that she has ever done anything that could be called mean. At the worst she has grown a little tired of hearing about her husband's affairs with other women. Is it her purpose to pull him up short, or has she really fallen in love with Charles?

That is the question on which the comedy hinges, and it would soon wear pretty thin but for a fortunate circumstance. Miss Löhr appears as a former Gaiety chorus girl long since married into the peerage. This is a part which the author may well have introduced for purely mechanical reasons. The mother-in-law is there to produce at the right time the stratagem that will be the saving of the marriage. As she is played by Miss Löhr she is the saving not only of the marriage but of the comedy as a whole. The extraordinary thing is that hardly a line in the part seems worth putting on paper and yet hardly a line that the actress speaks fails to get a laugh. Everything that happens reminds her of something that some panjandrum of the Edwardian time said or did. She has nearly always forgotten exactly what that something was, but she uses the names with such booming assurance that we somehow feel that due knowledge of the sayings and doings of Pinero, Henry Arthur Jones, and the rest has been immeasurably excluded. All it comes down to in my mind is her sweeping description of the author of *The Second Mrs. Tanqueray*—"such a clever carpenter!"

Miss Löhr's *tour-de-force* leaves Miss Laye and Mr. Lawton free to play charmingly into one another's hands, she making most of the running and he cleverly concealing that the delinquent husband once on the run has little to do but apologize for his masculine vanity and beg hopefully to be forgiven. Miss Catherine Boyle, exchanging the television screen for the stage, rather misses the point of a scene in which a silly, over-confident mistress is set down by the experienced wife.

—Anthony Cookman





Houston Rogers

A Swiss musical from the Bristol Old Vic

THOSE who venture farther afield than the immediate precincts of London's West End for their theatrical entertainment came back, some months since, aglow with the news of the delightful musical play that they had seen down at Bristol in the city's lively offshoot of the Old Vic. This port ships delights to London. From here came "The Duenna" and the immensely successful "Salad Days," besides a feast of straight plays and revivals. The new musical "Oh! My Papa!" was bought by Jack Hylton and had its first night in London at the Garrick Theatre last week. Originally produced in Switzerland, where it was written by Juerg Amstein and Erik Charell, with music by Paul Burkhard, it has been adapted here by Elizabeth Montagu. It is, however, still located in the Switzerland of 1890. The principal parts are taken by Laurie Payne, who appeared in Sir Alan Herbert's "The Water Gypsies" at the Winter Garden, and Rachel Roberts. The illustration, from the dream sequence, shows the three comic uncles, played by Robert Lang, Peter O'Toole and David Bird



Baron Elie de Rothschild and Sr. Alexandro Gracida, Caserejo No. 1 and No. 3, and H.R.H. Prince Philip, the Windsor Park back

MATCH OF THE SEASON AT COWDRAY

A HUGE CROWD of spectators watched Windsor Park, for whom the Duke of Edinburgh was playing back, beat the formidable Casarejo team by five goals to three in a memorable game

Photographs by Desmond O'Neill



Lord and Lady Ellenborough were among the spectators



Mrs. R. Bensley and Mr. E. Lalor, Windsor Park No. 2

Mrs. E. Lalor and Mrs. W. H. Gerard Leigh



Miss Propper de Callejon and Mrs. P. Domecq la Riva



Miss Dominie Riley Smith, Mrs. W. H. D. Riley Smith, Mr. H. Riley Smith

H.R.H. Prince Philip





Mrs. P. Domecq la Riva, Cdr. and Mrs. R. De Pass, Mr. P. Domecq la Riva



Mrs. Critchley, Col. Gerald Critchley and Count Campelo



Mr. David Ellis, H.H. the Maharanee of Jaipur and Viscount Cowdray

ched by Mr. E. Lalor, Windsor Park No. 2, receiving the Cowdray Gold Cup from Lady Cowdray after this hard fought game



At the Pictures

THE LONG JOURNEY DOWN UNDER



DANA WILSON, as Buster, the robustly enchanting Australian child in *The Shiralee*

THERE is, I noticed in *The Shiralee*, ever such a lot of Australia. The sheep and cattle stations in the outback are far between and the very idea of seeking work there on foot is enough to give me blisters. The way the empty roads stretch across the bare plains from skyline to skyline would surely depress even a hardened infantryman. It does not, however, depress Mr. Peter Finch as Macauley, the sinewy and taciturn swagman who, to spite his unfaithful wife (Miss Elizabeth Sellars), takes his five-year-old daughter, Miss Dana Wilson, with him on his wanderings in quest of a job.

Little Miss Wilson is a tough Australian child and the vastness of her mother country doesn't daunt her, either. As Mr. Finch falls into his long, easy stride, she steps out sturdily beside him. "Oh, come on!" he says impatiently when she shows signs of flagging: "It's like walking with a flaming mushroom." And Miss Wilson, with the air of gritting her non-existent front teeth, dutifully comes on at a brisk trot. She is, as the Australians say, a real bonza kid—and a formidable potential picture-stealer into the bargain: but Mr. Finch is such a fair dinkum actor, she doesn't get away with a single scene.

Nobody wants to employ Macauley as long as he has the child in tow: she is a burden—a "shiralee." He tries to park her for a time on a good-hearted couple (Mr. Sidney James and, of all people, Miss Tessie O'Shea) who would gladly look after her—but the little girl adores her father and refuses to be parted from him. When she is seriously injured in an accident, it becomes clear that Macauley is equally devoted to his shiralee.

His wife, whom, in decency, he notifies of the accident, meanly seizes the opportunity to press for possession of the child—solely to infuriate her husband. Macauley travels to Sydney and, at the expense of a terrible beating-up, forces her to divorce him and surrender all claims to their daughter.

In case you might feel that life with a vagrant swagman is going to be a bit hard on Miss Wilson, there is Miss Rosemary Harris, a rich sheep-farmer's daughter and an old flame of



BOB HOPE, who is a living refutation of the fallacy that the English don't understand American humour and vice versa, plays Hizoner Jimmy Walker, dapper Mayor of New York in *Beau James*. Vera Miles (above) plays Betty Compton, the Broadway show-girl, who in real life eventually became the second Mrs. Walker, in a film which perfectly recalls the hectic twenties



"ISLAND IN THE SUN," adapted from the novel by Alec Waugh, is to have its premiere at the Carlton Theatre, Haymarket, tomorrow, in the presence of Princess Margaret. Set in the political and racial melting-pot of a Caribbean island, the film has a large cast, including Harry Belafonte (above), popular exponent of the calypso, as the leader of a local trades union, and Dorothy Dandridge (right), a beautiful coloured girl, who is loved by the Governor's A.D.C.



Macauley's, standing by to suggest that there is a more settled future in store for the pair of them.

The film, excellently directed by Mr. Leslie Norman, is completely unsentimental. It presents Australia as a spacious country populated with rough, hard-working but not unkindly people, and Mr. Finch, who is splendidly male, most successfully puts over Macauley as a man no better than he should be—and no worse, either. This is an Ealing picture—well up to their high standard.

MR. BOB HOPE, at his wise-cracking best, gives a superbly polished performance in *Beau James* as James J. Walker, the popular, debonair, Irish Mayor of New York in the late 1920s—the era, you may remember, of prohibition, marathon dancers, flagpole-sitters, the Lindbergh flight and the Wall Street crash.

If we are to believe the film, which is based on a book by Mr. Gene Fowler, Mayor Walker was essentially an honest man, innocently unaware of the graft and corruption with which he was surrounded. He admitted receiving large sums of money from groups of financiers—but these he regarded as gifts, not as bribes. It was his crooked political friends (Mr. Paul Douglas among them) and his own weakness for the gay life, baseball games and a musical-comedy actress, Miss Betty Compton (appealing Miss Vera Miles), that proved his undoing and brought him face to face with charges of malfeasance, misfeasance and nonfeasance.

BOOED by his fickle fans at the ball-park where he had spent more time than at the City Hall, Mayor Walker publicly resigned in a dignified speech reminding his listeners that every city gets the mayor it deserves. I don't know whether this story is strictly true, but it certainly makes rattling good entertainment—and there is something extraordinarily endearing about Mr. Hope as he flips his jaunty hatbrim and tells the hostile crowd "If I was a sucker as a mayor, it took an awful lot of suckers to put me there."

As Mr. Walker's wife, who was always willing to be photographed with him for electioneering purposes, but spent most of

her time in retreat in Florida, Miss Alexis Smith is not altogether sympathetic—until the brief scene in which she implores Miss Compton to leave New York and Mr. Walker, for the sake of his career. The plea fails and resignedly she takes her departure. "It's lovely in Florida," she says bravely—adding, in a broken voice, "All that damned sunshine!" And suddenly she is very human and likeable.

I DARE say every city gets the press (as well as the mayor) it deserves. I gather from *Sweet Smell Of Success* that New York has a particularly nasty one. Mr. Tony Curtis, from whom the British director Mr. Alexander Mackendrick has extracted a performance which is rather more than the mere flaunting of a fetching haircut, plays a beastly press agent—and Mr. Burt Lancaster looking, behind pebble lenses, like something out of an aquarium, is a powerful and odious columnist to whom Mr. Curtis toadies.

The columnist, in addition to suffering from megalomania, has an unwholesome possessive passion for his neurotic young sister, Miss Susan Harrison, and is wild with jealousy because she seems interested in a nice, simple guitar-player, Mr. Marty Milner. Mr. Curtis volunteers to "fix" Mr. Milner—and does so by getting another columnist to denounce him as a Communist.

Mr. Milner loses his job—but this is not nearly enough for Mr. Lancaster: he wants him destroyed utterly, not only because Mr. Milner loves little sister but because he despises Mr. Lancaster's column. "He can't get away with that—wiping his boots on six million readers," says livid Mr. Lancaster.

Mr. Curtis plants a packet of marijuana on Mr. Milner, and the rest is to be left to a brutal cop who's in the columnist's pay. Elated, and with the sweet smell of success in his nostrils, Mr. Curtis makes the mistake of being found alone with Mr. Lancaster's sister in the apartment where she is virtually kept a prisoner. I am happy to say that this unpleasant piece ends with Messrs. L. and C. rounding upon one another like a couple of mad snakes.

—Elsbeth Grant

Book Reviews

LEADBITTER'S FOLLY

Elizabeth Bowen

"WHAT a lot you must learn about human nature!" This remark is addressed—how often?—to men or women who in the course of their professions come into personal contact with their clients: hairdressers, air hostesses, undertakers, flower-doers and so on. It is probably true of butlers, though few dare ask them. But surely, of all careers that of the hired car driver is the most informative. And the hero of **The Hireling**, L. P. Hartley's new novel (Hamish Hamilton, 13s. 6d.) is such a man.

Leadbitter, ex-soldier, owns the car he drives—or all but: at the beginning of the story instalments have yet to be paid off. "Leadbitter's Garages Ltd. Cars for all Occasions," is, though few may know it, a one-man firm. The vehicle also is in the singular.

When orders overlap, he farms one or other out to another driver, though most reluctantly. He has invested in this enterprise not only his skill but his personality; financially he has sunk in it all he has, plus the considerable sum he has yet to earn. His reputation is therefore his sole capital. Night and day never off the job, tensely close to the telephone when not driving, Leadbitter is in course of being rewarded. Surely and not too slowly he is building up a London connection.

Mr. Hartley's creation of Leadbitter is a miracle—his past, his present, his ways, mannerisms and turns of speech; also his thoughts, temperament, and forbiddingly handsome physical personality. After the first pages, we know him as Mr. Hartley knows him, outside and in; which is to say, we know Leadbitter better than he knows himself—so far. For an upheaving crisis is still to come. The preliminary, one more ring on the telephone, one more order, delivered by a butler. Leadbitter engages to drive to Canterbury a client yet to be known to him, Lady Franklin.

LEADBITTER, at thirty-five, is a bachelor. He knows what women are worth, and it's not much. On the whole his profession has deepened his cynicism as to sex; he has become adept at fending off the advances of some of his lovely passengers. Lady Franklin, however, is not that type. The small blue-eyed widow who uncoquettishly takes the front seat beside him, is in search of a complete stranger to whom to talk. She has been stunned, frozen, locked up in a world of grief. The sudden death of her husband has left her prey to agonizing (and, we suspect, unnecessary) self-reproach. She is obsessed by the idea that she neglected him. Since the catastrophe she has remained immured in South Halkin Street—this trip to Canterbury is her first outing.

Indeed, it is less of an outing than a pilgrimage. The late Sir Philip had loved cathedrals; his young widow, hitherto left cold by them, now feels she should view them for his sake. She is wealthy, unbearably lonely and very innocent. The extraordinary dialogue between her and Leadbitter, and the baffling relationship that springs out of it, takes place on a series of drives to cathedral towns. "And now, *you* must tell me about yourself," says Lady Franklin earnestly, early on. Leadbitter, having nothing to tell—or nothing he feels she would care to hear—invents. He conjures into existence a wife and children, and enthralls his patroness with domestic chronicles. His wife, he respectfully admits, bears quite a strong resemblance to Lady Franklin.

THE strength of this emotion at one remove, the uncanny effect on Leadbitter of the sustained fiction, the "unprofessional" moment on the return from Winchester—all are brilliantly handled by Mr. Hartley. Enter, subsequently, Hughie—a too charming, not very good painter with his eye on the main chance—and Constance, Hughie's accommodating friend. The end is dire, sombre, and deeply moving. I think *The Hireling* likely to fascinate even more readers than did *The Go-Between*. The author, with his genius for finding subjects which, though amazing, never strain one's credulity, has hit on none better than this, his present one.



JOHN PIPER'S gouache, "The Cock," is to be seen at the exhibition of Five English Painters at the Arthur Jeffress Gallery, Davies Street, W.1, till August 2

A WOOD ENGRAVING by Gwenda Morgan illustrating "The Shoemaker And The Tailor" in "Grimm's Other Tales," published by the Golden Cockerel Press, 5 gns.





Miss Mary Higham with Mr. Cavendish Morton



Mr. and Mrs. William Mathierson



Sir John Rothenstein and Miss Davina Portman



Mr. Norman Hepple with Lady (Gifford) Fox

The Burlington House soiree

AMONG the thousand guests who attended the annual soiree of the Royal Academy were Lord and Lady Bessborough, who are seen above

A COLLECTION of stories—**The Mendelman Fire** (Andre Deutsch, 12s. 6d.) shows Wolf Mankowitz writing at his best. The piece which, placed first, gives the volume its title should be called strictly "a novella": its sixty-six pages have more to them than many a full-length work. Spellbound one is by the devious doings, infinite ingenuity of "Humpy" Botvinnik, the demon accountant of Jubilee Street, and his old friend Morris Mendelman, ready to stop at nothing in the interest of his beautiful daughter Rosa. Scene one particular strata of business London. The whole thing, pure Mankowitz, is splendidly funny.

The book's second section consists of a group of stories set in the Russian village from which the author's grandfather came. Time the mellow pre-Revolutionary past. Protagonists, grandfather as a boy; great-grandfather, famous for carving pipes; grandmother; her cow Masha and an ill-fated cat. Nor must one forget Aunt Chaya, who, mis-aiming a bomb, blew up a bronze horse instead of an official. I hope we may hear more of this gentle village. . . . The third section of *The Mendelman Fire*, called "Good Business With Sentiment" is a shade scrappy compared to the other two. The nine tales have the theme their heading denotes, and are racy, if tantalizingly brief.

★ ★ ★

MICHAEL GILBERT's **The Claimant** (Constable, 18s.), is a true story—none less than "The Tichborne Case Reviewed." How much do you know about the Tichborne case, which convulsed our country and kept the High Court busy from May 1871 to February 1874? To me, till now, it was one of those household words as to which explanation is strangely lacking. Mr. Gilbert supplies, I am certain, a felt want.

And well he has told the story—exciting, bizarre and at points less credible than a novel by Dickens or Wilkie Collins. The entire drama hinges upon identity; a slim young future baronet is lost at sea; a vast type from Australia, weighing twenty-six stone, turns up twelve years later, claims to be Roger Tichborne, and moreover is greeted with rapture by Roger's mother. Other Tichborne relatives were more dubious. The "case" involved tricky points of law; inevitably we are given the lawyers' angle. The author, however, does not underplay the cast—a true crazy gang, with Dickensian names. Here is something—again—to talk about: so, don't miss *The Claimant*!



Miss Olivia Worthington, with Maj.-Gen. and Mrs. Thomas Churchill

Capt. E. D. T. Churcher, Mrs. Churcher (Virginia Venning, the sculptor) and Mr. G. E. Campbell

Van Hallan



Fashions by Isobel
Vicomtesse d'Orthez

GLIDING



Michel Molinare



FEW outdoor activities are as exhilarating as gliding, and the clothes shown here have been chosen for their suitability for this and kindred sports. The photographs were taken at Lasham Aerodrome where the National Gliding Championships take place from July 27 to August 5. One of these graceful craft, a glider from the Surrey Club, is seen in flight opposite. Below opposite: Rima Casuals' heavy-knitted sweater in bands of red, white and black, costs 10 gns. at Harvey Nichols, and Florence Wood, Leeds. Below: Jaeger's slacks in pale blue jersey, 9½ gns., with white Shetland wool sweater, 5 gns.

ABOVE THE FIELDS OF ENGLAND





LEFT: Braemar's Garnet Red long lambswool jersey with buttoned vents at double-end hip line and cross-ribbed buttoned neck, available September, approx. 12s. 6d., is worn with Gor-ray's beige and white check wool and rayon mixture skirt, £2 12s. 6d., both at all leading stores

RIGHT: Jaeger's straight button-through jacket in cognac-coloured suede, price 18 gns., is worn over their white Shetland wool sweater. An ideal combination for all outdoor events from a quiet country walk to sporting occasions

BELOW, left: Braemar's hip-length, honey-coloured lambswool sweater, approx. 94s. at leading stores in September; Gor-ray's black, white and pink checked wool skirt, £3 15s. Below, right: Ballantyne's baby blue cashmere twinset, stitched in white; 15 gns. at Simpson's; Gor-ray's black and white "Furrl" pleated wool skirt, £3 12s. 6d. at leading stores



Noel Mayne



Michel Molinare

THE sweater and skirt is reputed to be the English woman's national dress, and worn with elegance, variations on this theme are ideal for country life. Right: A classic twinset by Pringle of Scotland, in sky blue cashmere, 12½ gns. at Simpson's and leading stores, is worn with Dereta's clerical grey Terylene pleated skirt, 5½ gns. at Dickins & Jones



CASUAL SEPARATES



LEFT: An Italian fine wool slash-neck sweater in turquoise and white stripes is cut straight and unfitted to the hip-line, 5 gns., from Jaeger, Regent Street. Below, left: A bright jacket in heavyweight wool, a giant stitch in white, dark blue and yellow stripes, 12 gns. at Jaeger, Regent Street



HERE are clothes warm and trim enough for the exciting art of gliding and other outdoor sports. Below is a chunky heavy-knit cardigan in olive green patterned with white, 7½ gns., tailored slacks in Bedford cord, 5 gns., Jaeger, Regent Street. Consulting the map is Mr. Peter Scott, the celebrated artist and naturalist

All ready for action and adventure



A MID-SEASON PARTNERSHIP

DOUBLE-KNIT JERSEY, the ideal between-season fabric, is used for the jumper suit and coat on these pages. The charcoal grey two-piece (right) has a slender skirt and moulded top with an attractive turtle collar, 19½ gns. The scarlet coat (below) has a low half belt at the back and gilt buttons, 15½ gns. White velvet pleated beret, £1 17s. 6d., black calf bag, £5 17s. 6d., black suede gloves, £1 17s. 6d., white doeskin gloves, £1 12s. 6d. All are available from Dickins & Jones, Regent St.



John French

CHOICE FOR WEEK



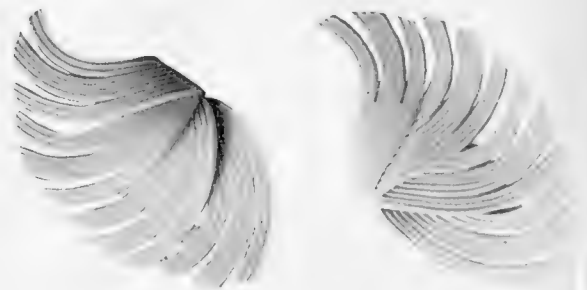


Sweet treble notes

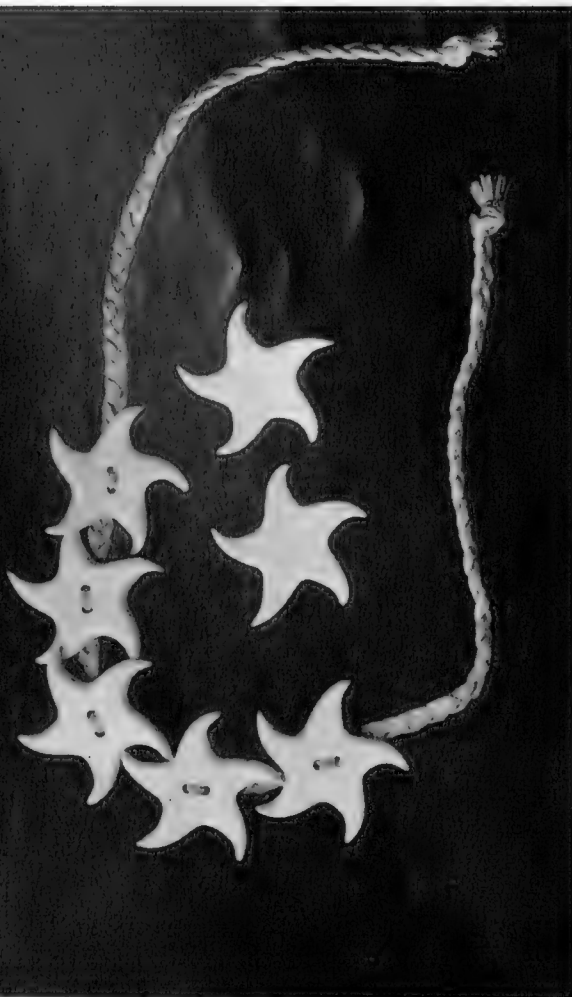
THE acquisition of jewellery and accessories is a pleasure that can be indulged in whenever the mind fancies a little recreation. There is no closed season for jewellery buying, and fashion tolerates a wide range of these trills and cadenzas. Above all, as our selection shows, the outlay need not entail later retrenchment—JEAN CLELAND



These pretty white and gold three flowers necklace are obtainable from Fortnum's, price £6 6s.



Also from Fortnum and Mason come these charming fan-shaped earrings. They cost £2 5s.



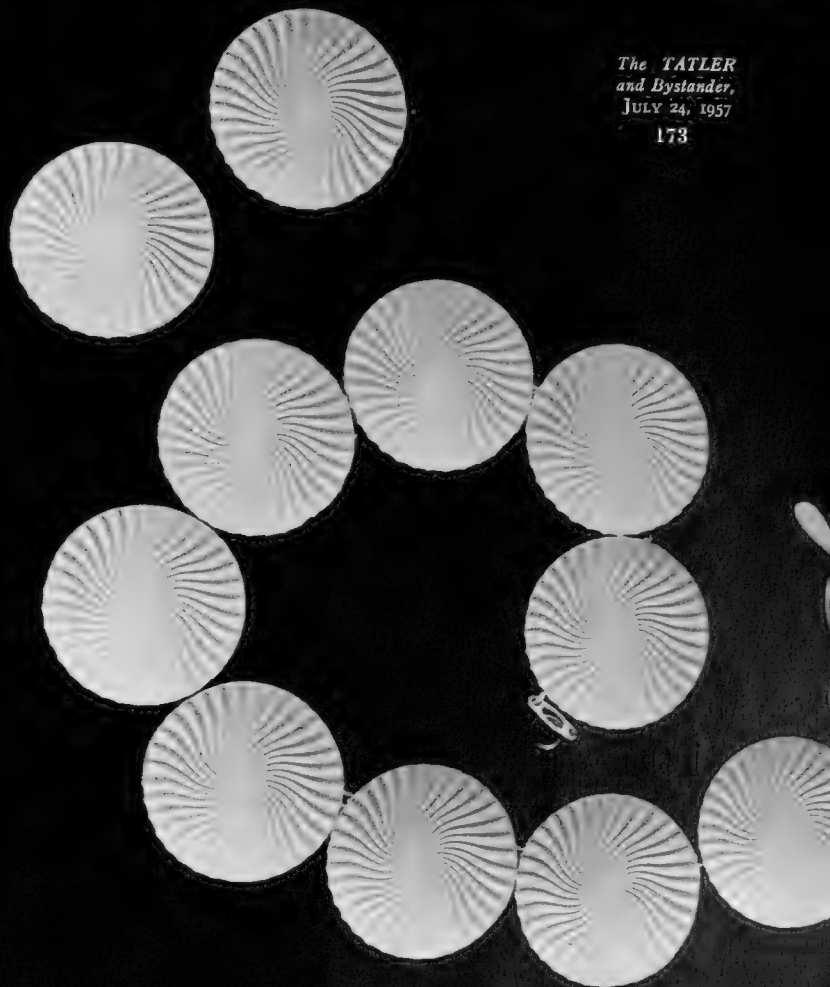
Ceramic Originals "Starfish" necklace, £1 12s. 6d., earclips, 12s. 6d. Debenham & Freebody



From Debenham's, too, is this "Four Point" necklace, £1 12s. 6d. and earclips, 9s. 6d.



Ceramic's "Linden" necklace (£1 12s. 6d.), earclips (12s. 6d.) and ring (12s. 6d.). Debenham's

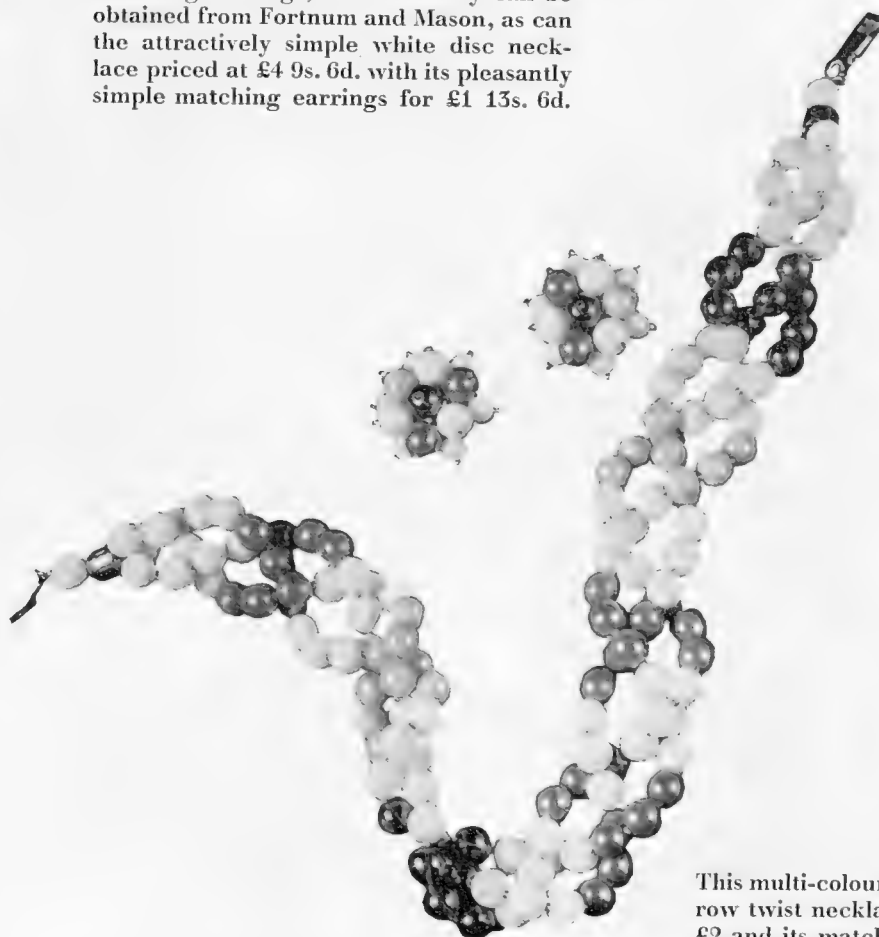
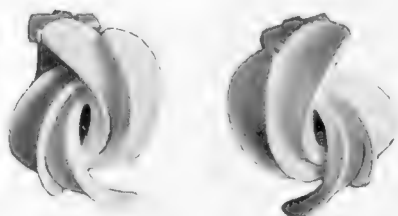


Left, white and gold ivy leaf necklace, costing £3 9s. 6d., bracelet, £2 11s. and matching earrings, £1 10s. They can be obtained from Fortnum and Mason, as can the attractively simple white disc necklace priced at £4 9s. 6d. with its pleasantly simple matching earrings for £1 13s. 6d.

Dennis Smith



Long white drop earrings, £2 16s., twisted leaves earrings, £1 17s. 6d. Fortnum and Mason stock them



This multi-coloured three row twist necklace costs £2 and its matching earrings 13s. 6d., from Fortnum and Mason

Beauty

Surfing hints
for heatwaves

Dennis Smith



RELATIVES arriving from Nassau, prepared to enjoy their stay in England in spite of the weather which they feared might be dull and drizzly even at this time of year, were pleasantly surprised to find themselves in the midst of a heatwave. Foregathering for a family reunion, we basked in blazing sunshine in a lovely garden opposite Kenwood, a stone's throw from the top of Hampstead Heath.

At the end of the day, while having drinks before dinner, our hostess gave a distressed "Ooh!" as she caught sight of herself in a mirror. Her neck, shoulders and arms were a fiery red that heralded a painful night. Her sister from Nassau, on the contrary, still retained the golden tan which I had so much admired when she arrived in the morning. "Living in a hot climate," she said, "has *conditioned* my skin to the sun, and now I can take it in large doses with no ill effects."

Which only goes to show that, unless you are *used* to the sun—which is unlikely in this country—you must take it gently. I have said it before, but with this recent example in mind, *I say it again*. Go slow, and at the same time, don't forget to make use of the protective preparations which do such an excellent job of work in guarding the skin. Not long ago I wrote about some of them, but since then some brand new ones have come on to the market. When news of them reached me from Helena Rubinstein, I immediately called in at the salon to get further details in order that I could pass the fullest information on to you at this important time of the year.

First there is a new "Suntan Spray" which is a rich protective oil. An interesting point about this is that it contains an insect repellent, so that in addition to protecting your skin, it wards off insects, and keeps you from getting bitten. I only wish that I had had it at a recent cocktail party held in the open air, when midges were a menace. "Suntan Spray" comes in a pressurised container, from which the oil can be sprayed on.

NEXT there is a lovely sun make-up called "Tan-in-a-Minute." This is the very thing to stop you trying to turn brown in too much of a hurry. While the bronzing process is happening gently and naturally, this liquid suntan make-up gives you a flattering sun-tanned *look*, which is hard to tell from the real thing. It can be used on the face, body, arms and legs.

Talking of legs, there is a new "Nudit" specially prepared for removing hair from the legs. Those of you who have used the original "Nudit" on the face (for the same purpose) will welcome this new addition to the Helena Rubinstein range.

Lastly, Rubinstein's popular "Apple Blossom" and "Green Velvet" perfumes can now be had in a solid fragrance stick lovely for carrying around on a hot day, or for keeping fresh and cool while travelling.

Another variation on an original theme, which will, I think, be widely welcomed is Coty's "Muguet de Bois" bath oil. This oil has long been a favourite bath accessory, but only now can it be had in the famous lily-of-the valley scent. To go with it Coty's have just brought out a new hand lotion, scented in the same way, in an attractive bottle decorated with a spray of lilies-of-the-valley.

Other summer news from Coty is of a new fashion shade for their cream powder. "All in one make-up." This shade is called "Magic Bloom," and is most attractive. There is also a *new* shade of eye-shadow called "Venetian Green," which, soft and transparent, has a subtle undertone of blue. Finally Tal- de Coty can now be had in "Gardenia" scent, to match up with the lovely perfume "Le Nouveau Gardenia."

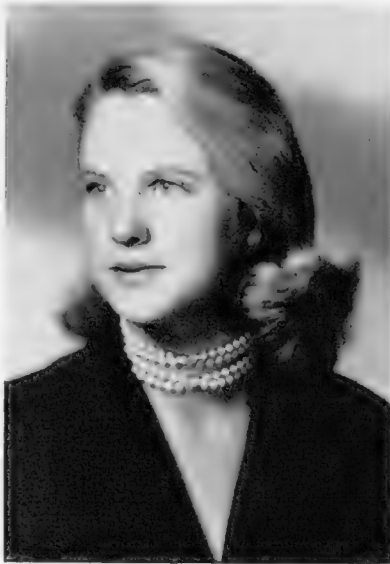
—Jean Cleland



Lenore
Miss Susannah Caroline Hyde, daughter of the late Major Charles Gardner, and of Mrs. Gardner of Jessamine Cottage, Shanklin, is engaged to the Hon. Robert L. E. Maude, elder son of Major Viscount, and Viscountess Hawarden, of Wingham Court, Kent

THEY ARE ENGAGED

Miss Elizabeth Kathleen Dickson, only daughter of the late Rear-Admiral R. K. Dickson, and Mrs. R. X. Sands, of New York, and stepdaughter of Mrs. R. K. Dickson, of Spring Cottage, Ringwood, is to marry Mr. William Guest Burman, younger son of the late Mr. John Burman, and of Mrs. Mary Burman, of Whitstable, Kent



Pearl Freeman

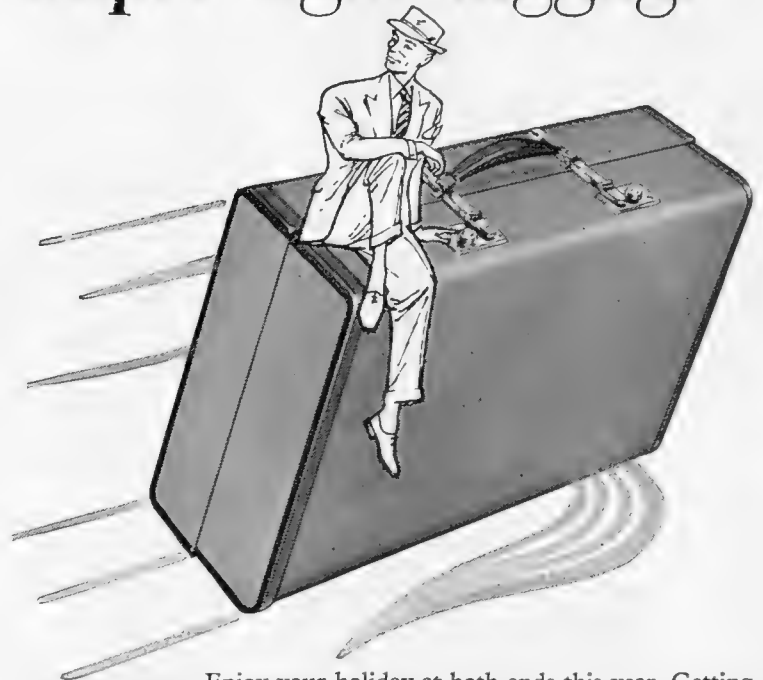
Miss Ruth Sylvia Huggins, (right) youngest daughter of Sir John and Lady Huggins, of The Malt House, Crondale, Hampshire, is engaged to Mr. John William Abel Smith, eldest son of Mr. Jocelyn Abel Smith, of Orchard House, Letty Green, Hertford, and of the Hon. Mrs. William Rollo, of Barleythorpe, Oakham, Rutland



Pearl Freeman

Miss Nancy Livingston Gerry, daughter of Mr. Robert L. Gerry, of Dallas, Texas, and Mrs. Harry Payne Bingham, of Old Westbury, Long Island, U.S.A., is to marry Mr. Bryan Macintosh Benitz, Scots Guards, son of Mr. and Mrs. John Benitz, of Darrsfield, Sutton, Sussex

New! Revelation super-light luggage



Enjoy your holiday at both ends this year. Getting there and getting back is easier with the new Revelation super-light luggage.

Supremely handsome, light and very strong, Revelation super-light luggage is made in Vynide, Wine-Stripe Fabric and Revelide. Shown here are:

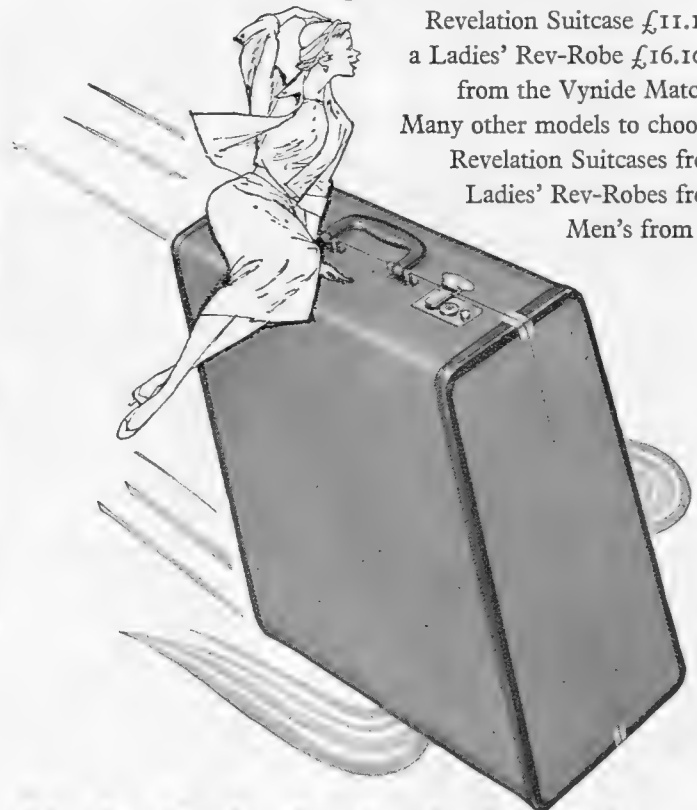
Revelation Suitcase £11.10.0, and a Ladies' Rev-Robe £16.10.0, both from the Vynide Matched Set.

Many other models to choose from:

Revelation Suitcases from 69/6,

Ladies' Rev-Robes from 89/6,

Men's from £8.19.6.



REVELATION

lightens travel

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REVELATION SUITCASE CO. LTD., 170 PICCADILLY, W.1





A scotch
of great
worth

Worth looking for—worth treasuring



McClean—Doresa. Mr. John Stuart McClean, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. D. F. S. McClean, of The Doone, Silvermere, Cobham, married Miss Anthea Erica Doresa, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Doresa, of Wood's Farm, Chobham, Surrey, at the Parish Church of St. Lawrence, Chobham

RECENTLY MARRIED



Carver—Simmons. The Rev. Alfred Basil Carver, eldest son of the late Dr. A. E. Carver, and Mrs. Carver, of St. Leonards, married Miss Joyce Marjorie Katharine Simmons, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Simmons, of Flint House, Rottingdean, at Holy Trinity, Sloane St.

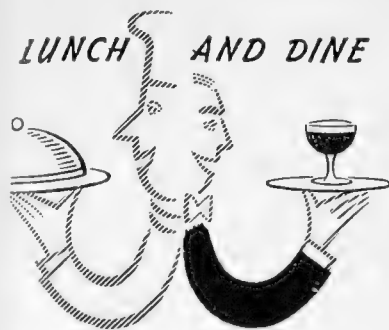


Watson—Williams. Mr. Andrew Peter Watson, younger son of the late Hon. Alastair Watson and of the Hon. Mrs. Watson, of Orford, Suffolk, married Miss Annette Mary Helena Williams, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Williams, of Shernfold Park, Frant, at St. Albans, Frant

Tucker—Joell. Mr. William Eldon Ferguson Tucker, son of Mr. W. E. Tucker, C.V.O., F.R.C.S., of Grosvenor Square, and of Mrs. Ronald Talbot, of Queen's Gate, married Miss Diana Esther Evelyn Joell, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Alan Paul Joell, of Seamont, Smiths Parish, at Baileys Bay, Bermuda
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THE GOGGOMOBIL COUPE will be seen in Britain with the right-hand drive in August. It is fitted with a four-speed pre-selector gearbox and, with a 293 c.c. two-stroke twin cylinder engine, develops a top speed of 65 m.p.h. It does sixty m.p.g. and costs £625 (p.t. included)



THE FIAT 500 should be seen in this country by the end of the month. It also has a twin-cylinder air-cooled engine, though it is a four-stroke. It has a four-speed gearbox, independent suspension and is expected to cost about £570

Motoring

CONTINENTAL BABIES

My prediction that minimum motoring is not a passing phase and that the cult of the minimum motor car will continue no matter whether the price of petrol goes up or down, is proving correct. To the list of motor cars which do the most with the least, we have to add two names: Fiat and Goggomobil. Before I deal with these models individually, I would like to recall my main argument in favour of very small vehicles.

As the roads become more crowded and as industrial and residential development spreads, the opportunities for fast touring diminish. The average motorist must do a great deal of hard traffic driving before he reaches anything approaching an open road and I would say that 85 per cent of his motoring is now in traffic. It is fundamental that, in these circumstances, the small car is more mobile than the large one. It is equally evident that the chances of finding parking room go up as the overall size of the car goes down. These are arguments in favour of minimum motoring having nothing to do with its more obvious economy advantages.

Let me now discuss the Goggomobil. A delightful little coupé model, with right-hand drive and four-speed pre-selector gearbox, will be on the British market in August. The standard saloon is already becoming quite well known in this country and is finding many enthusiastic supporters.

This is a most carefully thought-out car, having a fan cooled, twin two-stroke engine of 293 cubic centimetres capacity. Now I am well aware of the shortcomings of some two-stroke engines; but it must remain true that the absence of valves and valve gear increases the basic trustworthiness. And the four-stroking at low speeds becomes less irritating when the engine is well silenced. For the minimum motor car the two-stroke cycle has many attractions.

The Goggomobil has engine, gearbox and differential at the rear and, of course (because this is a Continental car), independent suspension all round. A top speed of about 65 miles an hour is claimed by the makers with a fuel consumption of 61 miles to the gallon. Production of this interesting car is soaring and I am told that Goggomobil have already attained fifth position in German car production. The price of the standard saloon is £494 17s. including import duty and purchase tax, and of the new coupé, £625.

As I write, the new Fiat 500 was expected to reach United Kingdom distributors at the end of July. This again has a twin-cylinder, air-cooled engine, but it is a four-stroke. It is mounted at the rear. The car has a four-speed gearbox and, again, independent suspension all round.

I have not received intimation of the exact price at which this new Fiat will come on the British market, but it is expected to be about £570 including duty and purchase tax. I shall have more to say about these cars when I have tried them; but it should immediately be emphasized that they strongly suggest a trend in the direction of air-cooling.

It may be that some of the resistance to air-cooling which there has been in Britain arises from the preconception that a modern air-cooled engine has some resemblance to the old-fashioned kind which relied on a relative air stream created by the car's motion. The fact is that the modern air-cooled engine is far removed from the earlier kind. It is a fully cowled engine and is blower-cooled so that there is temperature control whether the car is moving fast or standing still. And it is easy to arrange for interior heating by ducting the cooling air to the car interior through appropriate valves. Air-cooling is going to make great strides in the future.

—*Oliver Stewart*

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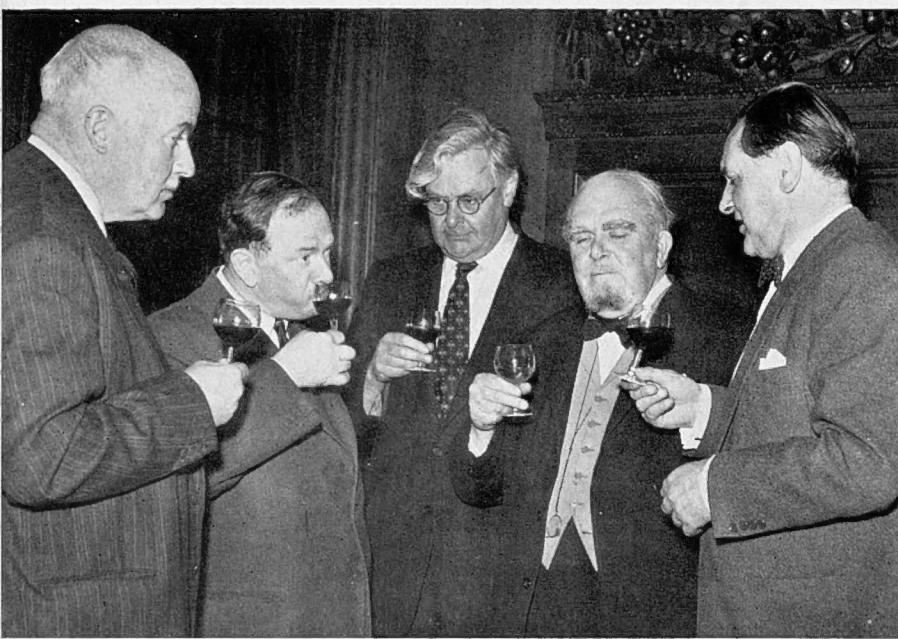


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SUMMER WINE CUPS were sampled by Mr. Isaac Bickerstaff, Mr. Denzil Batchelor, Mr. Raymond Postgate, Mr. Victor MacClure and Mr. Hugh Mackay at the Vinter's Hall recently

DINING OUT

Feeding-time

THE Reunion des Gastronomes consists of most of the leading chefs and restaurateurs in the country. One often wonders what they order for themselves when dining out. It varies, of course, but when they had dinner in the Fellows' Restaurant at the Zoological Gardens the other day, this is what they ordered and what the Zoo's *maitre chef*, L. R. Spanner, prepared for them with such skill that they sent for him at the end and gave him a rousing reception.

Jambon de Parme
aux Pointes d'Asperges
Consommé de Volaille Tosca
Scampi à la Bonne Femme
Tournedos Béarnaise
Pommes Nouvelles Rissolées
Haricots Verts au Beurre
Savarin au Rhum
Friandises
Café

The wines were ordered to individual choice from a comprehensive list.

That the Zoological Society is not without a sense of humour was clearly demonstrated by the fact that the Committee of the Gastronomes was asked to arrive on time so that they could be welcomed by a reception committee. They duly turned up expecting to be greeted by several learned zoologists with F.Z.S., etc. after their names. To their astonishment they were received by a large elephant, several snakes, kangaroos, birds, bush babies and other very much alive members of an all-animal committee, the whole affair being a great success.

HEATWAVES seem to be about the place so it was fortunate that the Friends of Wine Society gave a party at the Vintners Hall to try out some cool summer wine drinks. There were ten alternatives to taste and a pamphlet supplied showing the ingredients, the method of making them and the cost. For example, if you followed their instructions regarding the Pride of Oporto you would get thirty fair-sized glasses at a cost of one shilling a glass. My favourite was the Burgundy Gold Cup which provides thirty-six glasses at 2s. a glass.

Doubtless if you write to the Friends of Wine, Vintners Place, London, E.C.4, they will be pleased to send you their pamphlet "Summer Wine Coolers."

In the meantime I ran into an old friend of mine, Victor MacClure, whose recently published book *Good Appetite My Companion* (Odhams, price 15s.) is a delight. Good eating and drinking have been Victor's lifetime interest and talking about summer drinks I got the recipe for his own "Flamed Peach Cup." This requires time and trouble, but if properly made, the reward is magnificent.

—I. Bickerstaff

An advertisement in our issue of July 3 quoted the price of Golden Guinea Sparkling Muscatel as 14s. 6d. per bottle. This should have been 21s.

DINING IN

Chicken bulletin

THERE is a comparatively new business springing up in the rural districts of this country which may well have a very real impact on our food budgeting in the near future, and even more so as time goes on. It is the "broiler" industry.

I wonder how many women on this side of the Atlantic really know what this word means? I asked several friends what they thought a "broiler" was. One said that, of course, she knew what it was—a fowl which was first boiled and then braised! A "broiler" is, in fact, a spring chicken up to 3½ pounds in weight. Actually it could range from a double poussin up to that size.

So bear it in mind that the industry now tends to call these "broilers" "spring chickens." Once upon a time, a "spring chicken" was just that. Now, however, you can have one in January or July. I think that the main thing to know is that a spring chicken can be bought in any month of the year and that, when it weighs up to 3½ lb., it is no more than ten weeks old.

The rearing of the birds is scientific. The food is based on what will put on the most meat of delicious flavour where it is wanted, in the least possible time. Incidentally, these birds are not crammed; they eat willingly. So we get a good plump meaty bird, with a lovely rounded breast and, because of its size, looking at first glance more than its ten weeks. Only youngsters can have the supple breast-bones of these birds. This should reassure young housewives who have had little opportunity of "knowing" one thing from another.

I SPENT a day in the country recently between the broilers and their parents and the packing station. I was most impressed with the cleanliness and the speed of transforming the birds into saleable material. Each was encased in a polythene bag then quickly frozen, ready to go on the road, so that there was no risk of contamination from flies or anything else. I noted the enormous insulated vans for delivering the birds to their retail depositories.

The cost of a 3-lb. bird, today, is approximately 11s. and it is hoped that, before very long, a 3½-lb. will be obtainable for 10s., which is pretty good news. It means that chicken is as cheap as and soon will be cheaper than meat and that "chicken every Sunday" will be something more to us than just the title of a book. Already chicken is less expensive than the best cuts of all three main four-footed beasts.

I will tell you that, three weeks ago, I had to pay 30s. for a 3-lb. fillet of best Scotch beef and I had to cut off just under 9 oz. of it for stewing, because that part was not quite tender enough to roast. Pretty expensive, don't you think?

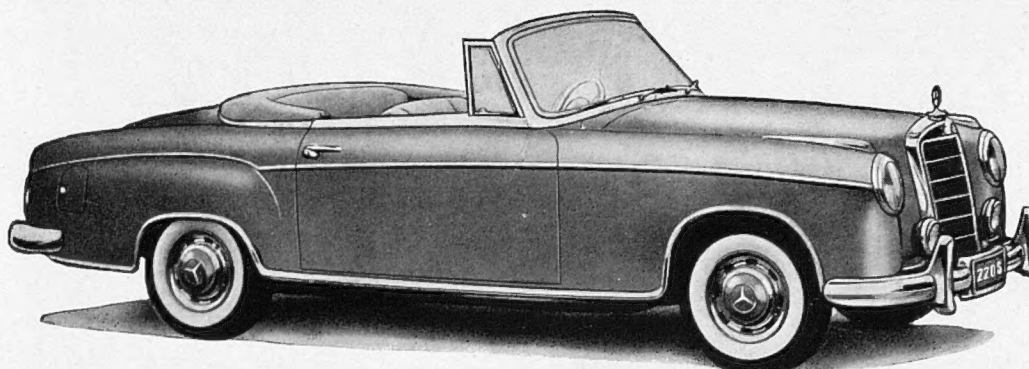
Are these young birds economical to buy? For six to seven people, would it be better to buy a large capon instead of two spring ones? I would say: Buy two spring chickens every time! They make carving easier and everyone gets the kind of meat that he or she prefers, which does not often happen when you have a large bird, even though it is as tender as a chicken is. And, with two birds instead of one, there are more likely to be good "pickings"!

—Helen Burke



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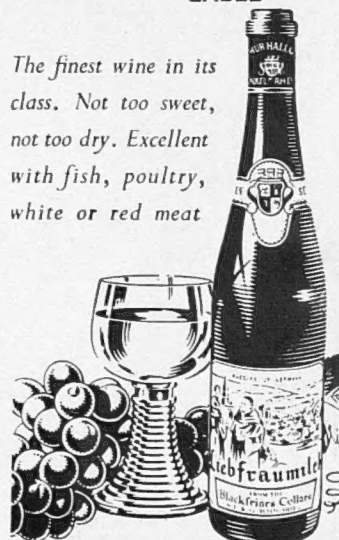
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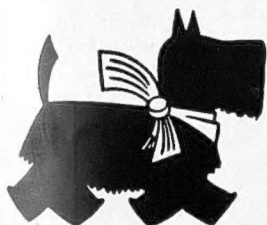
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